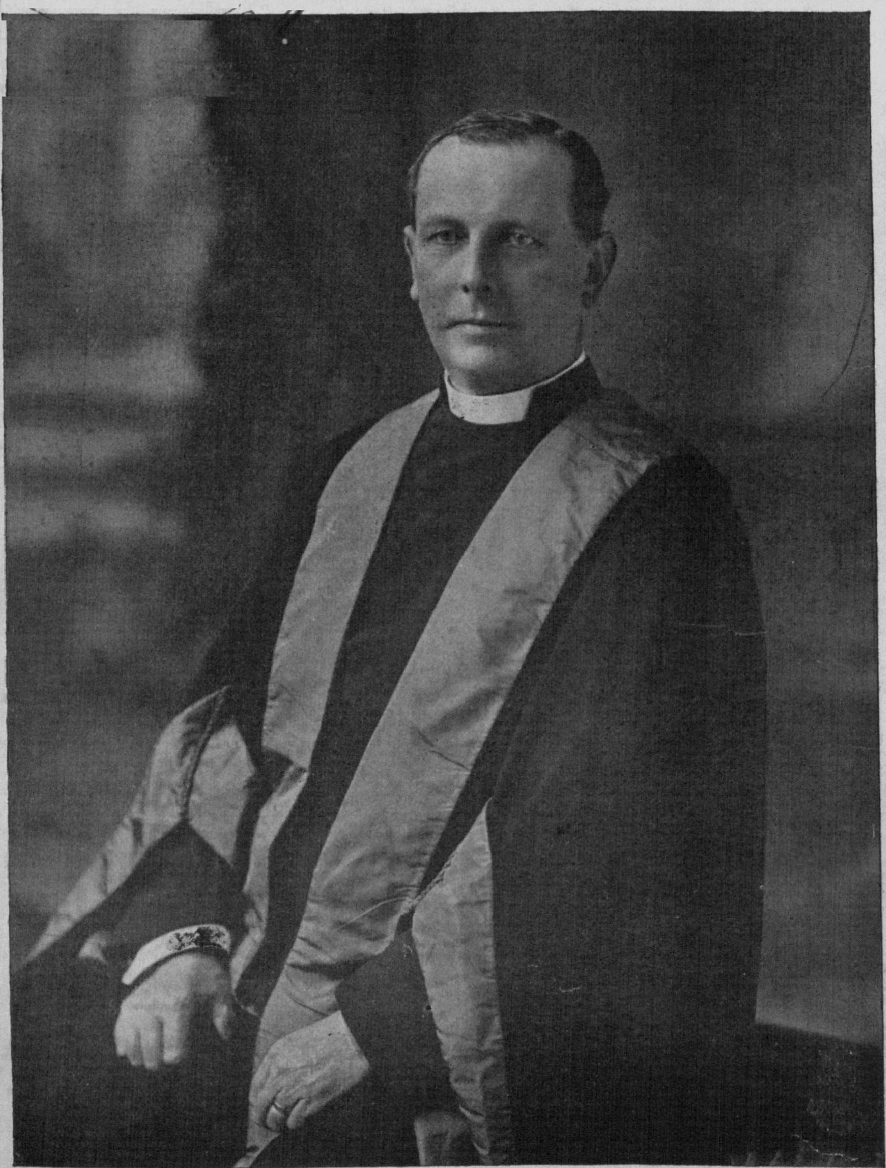
IN MEMORIAM



WILLIAM MESTON

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William Meston[1]

BY THE PRINCIPAL

'To me, to live is Christ,' wrote S. Paul, 'and to die is gain.' The same might have been the confession of him whose passing is the occasion of this solemn assembly. And the reason for our so using the occasion is our desire that, for us too, always, to live shall be Christ. We would fain that every one of life's experiences should for us be aglow with the meaning which Christ brought into our human world, and should be the means of His fuller indwelling in us. And we have drawn together in order that, by a joint act of praise and prayer and meditation, we may help one another to rise above the sadness of human partings and by faith to see the valley of death transfigured into the gateway of the life immortal. In our Father's house are many mansions. The friend we have known and honoured is not dead; he has gone to a new abode, and there we may hope to meet him once again.

He has left us the memory of a rich and valiant life to cherish. Its span of little more than sixty years covered a range of many-sided activity and notable achievement of which any man might excusably be proud. And in spite of an unremittingness of labour which might well have dulled his soul, in spiritual stature he never ceased to grow. Among those of his colleagues who are still on the Senatus there is none who can tell of William Meston's early life in Aberdeen or of the first ten years of his connection with Madras. The College records show that after a preliminary period of service, in 1893 and 1894, as temporary Professor of English, he joined the permanent staff in July 1895 as Professor of Philosophy. Between that time and October

[1] The Sermon preached at the Memorial Service on 22nd January, 1933.

1928, when he left Madras on what proved to be his last furlough, he discharged with meticulous thoroughness and distinguished efficiency the most varied duties, both within and outside the College. His work as a professor included in its range Philosophy—more particularly Psychology,—English Language and Literature, and Scripture, and with these teaching duties he combined successively the exacting offices of Superintendent of the School Department, Bursar and Principal. The College Church pulpit also owes him a great debt, for his gift of style, width of reading, and spiritual earnestness rendered him a stimulating and impressive preacher. And his business ability, sagacity, broad vision and decisiveness of judgment led to unceasing demands upon his energies as a member of committees and boards of many kinds, and steadily earned for him an ever more dominant influence in the counsels of missionary and religious organizations, in the life of the University, and as a public citizen. His capacity for unflagging efficient industry impressed his colleagues with a kind of envious awe, and no one who knew of the terrible incubus of insomnia which weighed him down during his last years in Madras could fail of wondering admiration for the faith and courage by which he triumphed over that handicap, and held to his post until the date which his judgment had fixed on as the time when he might seek relief with least injury to the interests of the College.

The strain on his physical powers, however, had been far too great, and when Dr. and Mrs. Meston sailed from Colombo in October 1928, the recognition was very general that there could be but the slenderest expectation of a return to India. But a real hope was entertained that, after a time of rest and recuperation, he might be able to take an active part in winning extensive backing, in Britain and America, for the great building-scheme at Tambaram to which the College, under his leadership, had committed itself. It was this hope, clung to in spite of every discouragement, that inspired the offer to and acceptance by Dr. Meston of the merited title of Honorary Principal when, on June 30, 1930, his resignation from the College took effect. Yet God has willed otherwise. The affection of the heart which supervened suddenly four years ago persistently baffled all medical skill, and without any previous warning to his friends in this land his precarious tenure of life came to an end on the 12th of this month. Throughout the long four years of weakness and imprisonment and disappointed hope Dr. Meston's cheerful patience was a marvel to all. Not only was he confined indoors, but the visitors he could see were few and seldom, and never could their stay be for more than a very few minutes. But with characteristic energy he gave himself to the one form of service that happily remained to him. He rewarded every one who corresponded with him by long and bright

and helpful replies, and he busied himself in writing for the College Magazine and in preparing for publication in book form the ripe fruit of his accumulated knowledge and understanding of Indian problems and policies. Thus his has been a valiant life right up to the end. 'Who would true valour see', sang John Bunyan—

Who would true valour see,
  Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
  To be a pilgrim.

Such a pilgrim of faith was William Meston. Now he rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

A memorial sermon does not need a text, for its hero supplies one. But had a text been needed, the difficulty would not have been to find one, but to select between the many that offer themselves with appropriateness of suggestion.

I imagine that in the mind of almost any one who has had an inside knowledge of the latest decade of our College's history, the first text to suggest itself may well be the passage which tells how Moses went up to the top of Pisgah. From its summit he could see far over that Promised Land, for the conquest of which he had been preparing his people; and yet God said to him, 'I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.' It was the task of Dr. Meston's Principalship to pioneer a path for the College through uncharted ways. He assumed office when Dr. Macphail became the first Vice-Chancellor of the reconstituted University of Madras, and it was under his leadership that we felt our way forward under the new conditions, until it became clear that the best adjustment would be by breaking out a new line and developing a residential system under ideal conditions of spaciousness. The first suggestion of a site so distant as Tambaram may not have come from Dr. Meston, but so bold a plan would never have been adopted, had it not had the backing of a leader of such proved foresight and prudence. Like Moses, Dr. Meston had to step aside and leave to others the fulfilment of his vision. But it was Moses rather than Joshua that the victorious Israelites cherished in their recollection. And it is to Dr. Meston that we shall look back when we see his dream realised.

Another Scripture passage that might have offered a text for this memorial sermon is the description in the book of Acts of S. Paul's farewell to the elders of the Church at Ephesus. With a direct

simplicity that had no taint of boastfulness he was able to remind them with what minute faithfulness he had discharged his responsibilities, both public and personal. And as we, like those weeping elders, sorrow that we shall see our leader's face no more on earth, we can testify with what distinguished fidelity he fulfilled his trust. He set before himself an extraordinarily high ideal of individual care for the students under his charge, and to the service of that ideal he brought an amazing degree of carefully acquired personal knowledge. With strictness of discipline he combined a peculiarly tender heart, and there are few who have guessed the full extent of his unostentatious generosity.

Still another text that presses for selection is the saying in the Book of Deuteronomy: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' No faith less virile than that which this promise sustains could have carried him with so little loss of efficiency through days when sleeplessness had made the challenge of the daily tasks an all but insupportable burden.

Each of these possible texts for a memorial sermon fits with real appositeness some part or phase of Dr. Meston's life. But if one looks back through the years during which one has known him, and if one asks what is the simplest exhortation to which his whole life in our midst gives force and emphasis, I think it is this: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Conscientious fulfilment of the tasks of the hour, whether small or great, in obedience to the highest standard of self-tasking endeavour—that is, I think, the directest and most unescapable message to us of the life that we are to-day commemorating.

This last reflection chimes in with the note with which our survey began. It has been conspicuously a valiant life that has now been lived out to its earthly finish. And so it seems fitting to close this memorial discourse by quoting again from John Bunyan, whose song of the pilgrim we have already recalled. 'After this it was noised abroad that *Mr. Valiant-for-truth* was taken with a summons.........When the Day that he must go hence, was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which, as he went, he said, *Death, where is thy Sting?* And as he went down deeper, he said, *Grave, where is thy Victory?* So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

Confusion to Pompous

A farce in Three Acts, adapted from Molière's 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.'

THE PERSONS :

Crusty, old, obstinate, gullible.
Pompous, youngish, foolish, vain and fantastic.
Handsome, the hero.
Smart, a young man who loves to befool people.
Doctor, stupid and self-important, curt in speech.
Grace, Crusty's daughter ; heroine ; appears only once.
A Badmash, appears only for a moment, says nothing.

The duration of the action is little more than the time taken by the actual performance (which ought to be less than an hour). The scene—a street, indeterminate—is unchanged throughout. No stage-properties are required ; the only hand-properties are money-notes, one for Handsome in Act I, two for Pompous in Act III ; and four dolls for babies in Act II. Smart dresses up as a Kabuli merchant, and Smart and Handsome as women, in Act II ; Pompous as a woman, and Handsome as a policeman, in Act III.

ACT I

Enter Smart (R) and Handsome (L), meeting.

Smart : Hullo, Handsome, you look very glum this morning. Is anything wrong ?

Handsome : Wrong, you say, wrong? Why, I tell you, my whole life's ruined.

Smart : Come, come, it can't be so bad as all that.

Handsome : I tell you I've half a mind to cut my throat and be done with it.

Smart : There, there, tell me all about it. Once you've got it off your chest you'll feel better.

Handsome : Well, you know Grace Crusty, and you know we were practically engaged to be married. I was just waiting till my prospects had improved a little to get old Crusty's consent. And now he's gone and fixed up a marriage for her with an old friend of the family—a lawyer from Kumbakonam, called Pompous. She has only seen a photo of him, but that's enough : the man's impossible. She has heard stories of him, too, and so have I : Pompous is a laughing-stock, the butt of the whole town. But it appears that his father was old Crusty's best friend, and Crusty won't hear a word against the young puppy. And she doesn't know what will happen if she refuses. You know what the old man's temper is like.

Smart: Don't I just! I remember once—But that's neither here nor there. Of course we must stop this.. Haven't you any ideas at all?
Handsome: None. I only want to cut my throat.
Smart: That might improve YOU a lot, but it wouldn't help poor Grace at all; and I'm fond of the girl. In fact, if you hadn't got in first—(*sighs*). But let me see. I can't do anything through you, or through Grace; and I admit old Crusty would be hard to move. I must see whether we can't do something with the Kumbakonam fellow. Proud, did you say?
Handsome: Pompous. You haven't much time to think out a plan. Crusty told Grace that Pompous was coming to fix everything up, and he is to arrive this very morning. (*They both walk about, thinking; then Handsome starts, and points off, L*). I say, do you see that man down the street there? It's Pompous himself! Grace showed me the photo—a horrid sight—and I'd recognise him out of a million.
Smart, looking off, L: That maypole there, with all the children in the street laughing at him? And I don't wonder, either. Now, look here, you go off for a walk by yourself for five minutes, and think of some way of making friends with him. I'll worm myself into his good graces somehow by myself, meanwhile. Off you go at once: he's coming this way now. *Exit Handsome, R.*

Enter Pompous, L, walking backwards and shouting off the stage.

Pompous: What, what! Deuce take it, what d'you mean by it? What's wrong, then, eh? (*To himself*) This is a mad town, and all the people in it are mad. I can't take a step without children tittering and giggling and putting out their tongues at me. What does it mean! (*To the crowd*) Hey, you there, mind your own business. You don't stop and laugh at everyone who passes by, do you, eh? Then why should you stop and laugh at ME, eh? (*To himself*) Deuce take it, I've a very good mind to give someone a good punch on the nose!
Smart, taking sides with Pompous and speaking to the same people: What is it, what is it? What does all this hubbub mean? Come, come, you mustn't laugh at worthy strangers who come to visit our city.
Pompous, to himself: Now here's a reasonable man at last.
Smart, to the crowd: Do you realize what you are doing? There's nothing to laugh at.
Pompous: That's right.
Smart: Is there anything funny about this worthy gentleman?
Pompous: Good, good.
Smart: Is this gentleman different from others in any way?
Pompous, to the crowd: Am I a hunchback, or deformed?
Smart: You must learn to recognise a gentleman when you see one.
Pompous, to himself: Well said.

Smart: This gentleman is singularly respectable in appearance.
Pompous: What a clever young man.
Smart: Dressed in the height of fashion and with exquisite taste, obviously well-bred, a man anyone might be proud to know.
Pompous, to the people: Indeed, I am a lawyer from Kumbakonam.
Smart: A great scholar and a man of wit.
Pompous: B.A., B.L. And I frequently write letters to 'The Hindu'. More than one of them have been published, too.
Smart: It is a compliment to all of us that he should come to visit us.
Pompous: Most true.
Smart: He is not a man to laugh at.
Pompous: I should say not.
Smart: And anyone who laughs at him will find he has ME to deal with.
Pompous, to Smart: Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you (*shaking hands*).
Smart: I can't tell you how sorry I am that this should have occurred. On behalf of our Municipal Corporation, I beg you to accept my profoundest apologies.
Pompous: On behalf of the Corporation? Tut, tut, you may tell them it is nothing, a mere trifle. I am used to it, in fact, even in Kumbakonam.
Smart: I happened to be in the Refreshment Room in the railway station this morning, when you arrived. If I may say so, I greatly admired the way you drank your coffee and ate your pagodas. Such exquisite manners! I said to myself immediately, That's the sort of man I admire. And since I gather that you are a stranger to this place, I am delighted beyond words to have met you in this way, for I may be of assistance to you.
Pompous: You are too kind.
Smart: I tell you your face attracted me from the first.
Pompous: I am much obliged.
Smart: Such an intelligent expression!
Pompous: How can I ever repay you?
Smart: So refined!
Pompous, smirking: Ah!
Smart: So sweet-tempered!
Pompous: Ah!
Smart: So—er—so majestic!
Pompous: Ah!
Smart: I assure you that I am devoted to you already.
Pompous: Really, you are too kind.
Smart: I mean every word I say.

Pompous : I don't doubt it.
Smart : I think it is an honour to our city that you should come to visit us.
Pompous: Come, come, you exaggerate.

Enter Handsome, R (Smart moves down L; Pompous C).
Handsome, rushing forward and shaking hands with Pompous : What! Can I believe my eyes? What a lucky meeting! (*Standing back*) Is it really Mr. Pompous? (*Shaking hands again*) How delighted I am to see you again. Surely you recognise me?
Pompous, bewildered : Er, yes, yes, of course. Pleased to meet you.
Handsome : Is it possible that three or four years have made so much difference that you can't recognise one of the best friends of all the Pompouses?
Pompous : I beg your pardon. (*To Smart*) Never set eyes on the man.
Handsome : I know all the Pompouses in Kumbakonam, great and small. I was there for nearly two years, and saw practically no one else,—I was so fond of the family. I had the honour of meeting you almost daily, Mr. Pompous.
Pompous : The honour was mine, Mr.........
Handsome : Surely you remember my face.
Pompous : Of course, of course. (*To Smart*) Who the deuce is he?
Handsome : What's the name of that coffee-hotel where all the best people in Kumbakonam go?
Pompous : Ramaswami's?
Handsome : Ramaswami's; that's it. You and I were always there together. And what's that street where every one walks in the evenings?
Pompous : Doubtless you mean Venkatesa Iyer Street?
Handsome : That's it! How many hours we both spent there. Don't you remember?
Pompous : How it all comes back to me! (*To Smart*) Deuce take me if I can remember a thing about him.
Smart, to Pompous : Funny the way one forgets things.
Handsome : Well, then, shake hands (*shaking hands again*). I hope our old friendship may be renewed here.
Smart : Evidently a great friend of yours, Mr. Pompous.
Pompous : Evidently!
Handsome : Tell me all the news of your family. How's your—your —Now what was that fine fellow?
Pompous : My brother the Tahsildar?
Handsome : That's the man. And that charming fellow, so full of spirits and fun, your—your—

Pompous: Perhaps you mean my cousin the Town Pleader?
Handsome: Yes, exactly.
Pompous: Oh, still as full of spirits and fun as ever.
Handsome: I'm delighted to know it. And your uncle? How well I remember him!
Pompous: But I have no uncle!
Handsome: But surely at that time you had an uncle?
Pompous: No, never. Only an aunt.
Handsome: That's what I meant, of course, your aunt. Well, how is she?
Pompous: She has been mentally deficient from her birth.
Handsome: Of course, of course, I remember noticing it at once. So different from the rest of you.
Pompous: We're all well, in fact. But my nephew the headmaster almost died of small-pox six weeks ago.
Handsome: What a loss that would have been.
Pompous: You knew him?
Handsome: Of course I knew him. A fine tall fellow?
Pompous: Tall? He's scarcely five feet high.
Handsome: Oh, well, when I say tall, of course I really mean well-made and handsome.
Pompous: Yes, that's the man.
Handsome: And he's the headmaster of the—the—Of which school?
Pompous: The Municipal High School.
Handsome: Yes, yes, you're quite right; I knew it all the time.
Pompous, to Smart: He knows my entire family!
Smart, to Pompous: He knows you even better than you think.
Pompous, to Handsome: You stayed a long time in Kumbakonam?
Handsome: Two whole years.
Pompous: You were there when my sister was married?
Handsome: Indeed, yes, I was one of the first to be invited.
Pompous: That was a fine show.
Handsome: I've never seen a finer.
Pompous: And you were there when I had my great quarrel with the Magistrate?
Handsome: I followed it all.
Pompous: He knocked me down, it's true; but I got my five hundred rupees damages. I showed him he'd bitten off more than he could chew.
Handsome: A real triumph for you. Now, look here, you must stay in my own lodgings.
Pompous: But—
Handsome: Nonsense. I won't hear of my best friend going anywhere else. Where have your left your things?

Pompous: At the station, with my servant.
Handsome: Send someone to bring him here.
Pompous: But I forbade him to move an inch until I came back myself.
Smart: A very wise precaution. I must warn you that the town is full of people who try to take in visitors from the country. But I see you're not going to let yourself be imposed upon. I'll go with you myself, and then bring you back here. We shan't be five minutes.
Handsome: I'll make the necessary arrangements meanwhile.

Exeunt Smart and Pompous, L.

Handsome: Now I see what the next step should be. We must strike while the iron's hot. (*Shouting off, R*) Doctor, will you come here a moment, please?

Enter Doctor, R.

Doctor: Good morning. What can I do for you?
Handsome: I've called you in, Doctor, to deal with a very difficult and unhappy case. The man, I am afraid, is completely mad.
Doctor: Mad? Splendid. I have devoted special attention to mental diseases, and I shall take a personal interest in dealing with this case.
Handsome: The name is Pompous. He looks and seems normal enough, but he suffers from some extraordinary delusions. For instance, he thinks he is a lawyer from Kumbakonam, and that Mr. Crusty wants him to marry his daughter Grace. The other delusions don't matter much, but you can quite see that this strange notion about Grace Crusty might lead to something very awkward. You must get it out of his head absolutely.
Doctor: You may rely on me, Mr. Handsome. I'm none of your modern psycho-analysts, who pride themselves on pampering and cosseting and wheedling and coaxing their patients. I believe in the good old way of calling a madman a madman, and treating him as such. And I'll see that these delusions are put out of your friend's head at once, if I have to hire a couple of pugilists to do the thing with cudgels.
Handsome: Excellent. I heartily approve of the treatment you propose. Bang away, and don't be afraid of hurting him. Keep him locked up in your own house. That's what the poor fellow needs. But here he is, I see.

Enter Pompous, L.

Handsome, to Pompous: Here you are, back again already. Have you got your things all right? Well, here is the friend I told you of; you

are to stay in his house. I am sure he will look after you properly. (*To the Doctor*) This is the man I spoke of,—Mr. Pompous, a lawyer, you know (*winking*) from Kumbakonam. I'll leave him with you.
Doctor: I shall try to do my best for him.
Pompous, to Handsome: The landlord, I suppose.
Handsome, to Pompous: Yes, yes. (*To Doctor*) Here are fifteen rupees on account. Look after him well.
Pompous: No, no, I can't allow you to pay for me. I have plenty of money of my own.
Handsome: Oh, it's all right. The money isn't for what you think. (*To Doctor*) Keep an eye on him. He's sure to try to escape.
Doctor: Leave that to me.
Handsome, to Pompous: Now, excuse me, please. I have some urgent business to attend to. See you later. Now, goodbye.
Pompous: Goodbye, goodbye.
Handsome, to Doctor: Remember my instructions. *Exit, R.*

Pompous: What a charming young fellow. There aren't many of his sort nowadays.
Doctor: Yes. I feel it is a privilege that he has asked me to look after you for him.
Pompous: I have the utmost confidence in you, since you are recommended to me by him.
Doctor: Good. (*Seizing Pompous's arm and feeling his pulse*) Do you eat well?
Pompous: Why, yes; and drink still better.
Doctor: That's bad. Sleep well?
Pompous: Yes, after a good supper.
Doctor: Worse and worse. Any dreams?
Pompous: Now and then.
Doctor: Describe your dreams.
Pompous: Oh, my dreams are—just like dreams. (*Breaking free*) What the deuce are you driving at?
Doctor: Ah, irritable and impatient, I see. A very bad sign.
Pompous: Look here, are you trying to pull my leg?
Doctor: What! You have a strong persecution-mania, have you? This is worse than I thought.
Pompous: I've had enough of this. I'm going away.
Doctor, holding him: Another very bad sign: the patient is restless, can't stay in one place.
Pompous: Patient! Look here, I say, (*breaking free*) who the deuce are you?
Doctor: Now, now, now, there's no need to get flustered. I am a doctor.

Pompous : A doctor! In that case, I'll have nothing to do with you. My father and mother never touched a drop of medicine in their lives.
Doctor : They won't live long.
Pompous : Won't live long? They both died years ago.
Doctor : You see, I told you. And it's no wonder that their son is a madman.
Pompous : Madman! Deuce take it, I'm as sane as you are. Do you know who I am? I am a lawyer from Kumbakonam.
Doctor : You will be telling me you are the man in the moon next. I know all the symptoms.
Pompous : Oh, preposterous!
Doctor : You come along with me. You'd best come quietly (*dragging him off*).
Pompous, struggling : I won't have it! Let me go! Oh, why did I ever leave Kumbakonam? (*He is dragged away.*)

ACT II

Enter Doctor and Smart, R, talking.

Doctor : He snapped the ropes he was bound with, and broke open three locked doors,—and all this before the treatment had really begun.
Smart : How extraordinary, that he should want to get away from YOU.
Doctor : Yes : obviously as mad as a hatter.
Smart : You would have jolly well made him get well again.
Doctor : Even if he had been ten times as bad. But he shan't escape. I shall certify him as dangerous, and he will be brought back by the police.
Smart : That's right. For one thing, of course you mustn't let yourself be deprived of the fees he will have to pay you.
Doctor : How can I find out where he is?
Smart : I'd advise you to try Mr. Crusty. Pompous may still be wanting to marry his daughter. But why, there is Mr. Crusty himself, down the street there. I'll call him to you. *Exit L.*

Doctor : That a patient should not want to be healed by ME! I wouldn't have thought it possible.

Enter Crusty L.
Crusty : Good morning, doctor. Mr. Smart told me you wanted to see me.
Doctor : Yes, Mr. Crusty. Do you know anything of a man Pompous?

Crusty: Why, yes; he is to marry my daughter. He is arriving to-day, and ought to have been here by now.
Doctor: Indeed. Well, as a doctor, I forbid this marriage.
Crusty: What!
Doctor: I forbid the marriage. The man is my patient. He is diseased, and I consider that his disease is as much my property as the coat I am wearing. If you take him away from me, I shall sue you for petty larceny.
Crusty: But what's wrong with him?
Doctor: That's my business; you must leave that to me. As a matter of fact the man's mad. The point is that he must not marry till I give my consent. If you connive at his defying my solemn prohibition, the faculty of physicians and surgeons will take cognizance of it; and when your time comes you will die alone and in ignominy, instead of meeting your end in a honourable and dignified way with the assistance of medical science.
Crusty: But I certainly won't proceed with the marriage, if this is the case.
Doctor: He has been committed to my care; it is his duty to be my patient.
Crusty: I see.
Doctor: He won't escape. I'll have him arrested, and the Lord Chief Justice himself shall force him to be cured by me.
Crusty: I quite agree. I won't stand in your way.
Doctor: If he is not caught, I may take YOU and cure you instead of him.
Crusty: God forbid!
Doctor: I must have a patient. I don't care much who it is, but I must have a patient. Remember that. Good day. *Exit R.*
Crusty: What am I to do? This is terrible. I wish I'd never heard of Pompous.

Enter Smart, disguised as a Kabuli merchant, L.

Smart: Excuse me, Sir. I am, as you see, a Kabuli merchant, and I am very anxious to learn something of a certain Mr. Crusty of this city. Are you acquainted with him?
Crusty: Why, yes, I know him slightly; indeed, I know him rather well. What do you want with him?
Smart: He is a good man, I have been told, respectable and well thought of.
Crusty: Oh, so-so. In fact, I think I may say, Yes, he is.
Smart: And very rich?
Crusty: Not badly off.
Smart: I am glad to hear that.

Crusty: May I ask why?
Smart: Well, I have heard that this Mr. Crusty, God bless him, is intending to marry his daughter to a certain Mr. Pompous, a lawyer from Kumbakonam.
Crusty: I seem to have heard something of the sort. What about it?
Smart: Well, sir, this Pompous is heavily in debt to some eight or ten Kabuli merchants.
Crusty: Indeed!
Smart: Yes: and unless he can find some way of getting hold of ten thousand rupees or so in the near future, he will be put in jail, and we shall lose our money. But you can assure me that if he marries the girl it will be all right?
Crusty: Yes, yes, I daresay: but I'm not sure by any means that the marriage will take place at all now.
Smart: I hope it may, sir.
Crusty: We'll see, we'll see. Good day.
Smart: Good day, sir; your very humble servant. *Exit Crusty, R.*
Smart, alone, taking off his disguise: Better and better. Five to one on Handsome against Pompous, now, say I. But here's Pompous himself. Now for the next step.

Enter Pompous, R, running and out of breath.

Smart: Hullo, it's Mr. Pompous from Kumbakonam himself, to be sure. How are you getting on?
Pompous: Getting on? I've just escaped from the hands of a criminal lunatic. Tell me, is everybody mad here?
Smart: Not quite everybody, I think. What's wrong?
Pompous: You remember that young fellow who accosted me when we were talking together?
Smart: The man who knew all your family?
Pompous: Yes. Well, he introduced me to a person whom I took to be the hotel-keeper, but he turned out to be the most dangerous maniac in the whole country.
Smart: You don't say so!
Pompous: Indeed, I do. Why, he said that I was insane—me, insane! I assure you solemnly that no one has ever ventured to hint such a thing before.
Smart: It's an outrage!
Pompous: And he dragged me into his house, and shut me up in a dark room, and tied me in a chair, and left me. I only escaped at peril of my life. But I will have the law on him. As soon as I can get hold of Mr. Crusty, I'll have the law on this homicidal lunatic. Just you wait.

Smart: What, you know old Crusty, do you?
Pompous: Yes. In fact, (*simpering*) I've half promised to marry his daughter.
Smart: Marry his daughter!
Pompous: Yes. I'm not very keen; I'd as soon wait a few years yet. But he won't hear of any delay. Besides, they say he has plenty of money, and will cut up well.
Smart: Marry Grace Crusty, good lord!
Pompous: Yes, marry Grace Crusty. Why not, pray?
Smart: Have you ever met the girl?
Pompous: No.
Smart: Haven't you heard anything about her?
Pompous: Nothing but good. What the deuce do you mean?
Smart: Oh, well, it's none of my business. Go on and marry her by all means. The money will be some consolation, after all.
Pompous: Consolation! Confound it, sir, what are you hinting at?
Smart: Hinting at? Oh, dear me, nothing. In fact, I distinctly said, Go ahead and marry the girl by all means.
Pompous: What is it you have heard about her?
Smart: Since you have heard nothing, I certainly won't interfere.
Pompous: Look here, aren't you my friend?
Smart: There is no one in the world I have more regard for, I say it sincerely.
Pompous: Then for pity's sake tell me all you know.
Smart: I mustn't. I can't let down my neighbour.
Pompous: I implore you.
Smart: Oh, dear, I don't know what to do. Let me alone a minute, while I consult my conscience. (*Moving downstage and talking as if to himself, but so as to be overheard*) Here is a man who is trying to marry off his daughter, in spite of her misfortune, and I ought not to spoil the slender chances he has got. It is true the thing's notorious: but I am asked to tell it to a man who doesn't know it, and we are forbidden to speak ill of our neighbours. On the other hand, here is a stranger, a most worthy man, who is coming in good faith to throw himself into the arms of a girl he has never seen; a learned and respectable lawyer, a good and intelligent man, who has honoured ME with his friendship. And I can see that he is going to be deceived, humiliated, and betrayed. Can I allow this? No. My mind is made up. (*Returning to Pompous*) Mr. Pompous, much as it grieves me to speak ill of a neighbour, my mind is made up. I won't mince matters. Crusty's daughter is well known to be—(*taps his forehead significantly*).
Pompous: She's—(*taps his forehead*)?
Smart: Yes, quite—(*taps his forehead*).

Pompous: Deuce take it. (*Stops to reflect.*) But—there will be a big dowry. How—(*tapping*) is she?
Smart: Hopeless. An imbecile. It's notorious. Everyone here knows about it, and no one will look at her, dowry or no dowry. Doesn't it strike you as odd that he should go to Kumbakonam for a son-in-law? And that he should choose a man who has never seen the girl?
Pompous: It hadn't struck me that way.
Smart: A man known to be the soul of honour, open and unsuspicious?
Pompous: Deuce take it, that's true.
Smart: Ask anyone you like. I leave you to think it over. *Exit, L.*
Pompous: Is everyone here mad except myself? When's the next train to Kumbakonam?
As Pompous is going off L, he meets Crusty entering.
Pompous: The deuce! Mr. Crusty!
Crusty: Young Pompous, I believe.
Pompous: Charmed to meet you.
Crusty: I have been looking forward to a little conversation with you.
Pompous: Do you think, Mr. Crusty, that we are all fools and dupes in Kumbakonam?
Crusty: Did you assume that I am deaf and blind?
Pompous: Did you imagine that a man like ME would ever dream of marrying YOUR daughter?
Crusty: Did you suppose for a moment that MY daughter would ever look at a man like YOU?
Pompous: I tell you I wouldn't take her, not for a lakh.
Crusty: And I say you wouldn't get her if you came with a regiment of soldiers.
Pompous: I'm not the man to buy a pig in a poke.
Crusty: I don't know what you mean by that: but I know that I'm not the man to entrust my daughter to a man who is a mental case and ought to be shut up.
Pompous: That's a wicked trick that was played on me: I'm as sound as a bell.
Crusty: Your own doctor himself told me.
Pompous: He's not my doctor, and he lied.
Crusty: I'll believe whom I choose. And what about the ten thousand that you owe to the Kabuli merchants here?
Pompous: What on earth are you talking about?
Crusty: Oh, you needn't try to bluff me. I know what I know.

Enter Smart, disguised as a woman, L.
Smart: Ah, Pompous, I have caught you a' last, have I?

Pompous: Who the deuce is this now?
Smart: I see. Now you're going to pretend that you don't know me, are you? You can say that without blushing? (*To Crusty*) Would you believe it, sir? Can you stand by and see a poor woman betrayed? Three years ago he married me at Chidambaram.
Crusty: Is this true, Pompous?
Pompous: Deuce take it, no! I tell you, no! The woman's mad! I never set eyes on her till now.
Smart: Heaven forgive you, Pompous! And the two little babies that we have,—can you harden your heart to their innocent cries, the sweet pets? Little they know what kind of a man they have for a father.
Pompous: She's mad, I say, as you all are here! Oh, when's the next train to Kumbakonam?
Crusty, holding him as he moves off: Stop! I say you shan't go, you scoundrel. I'll see that this poor woman gets justice.

Enter Handsome, also dressed as a woman, R.

Handsome: Pompey, my love! Where have you been hiding from me all this time?
Pompous: Who are you? Go to the deuce, woman. Is the whole world gone mad?
Crusty: Have you also been deceived by this unspeakable villain, you poor girl?
Handsome, weeping: So it seems, sir. I love nobody but him, sir. He married me two years ago at Villupuram.
Crusty, to Pompous: You blackguard! Have you got a wife at every station on the S. I. R.?
Pompous: She's mad, I tell you,—stark, staring mad!
Handsome: And I never loved anybody but him, sir, though he was hardly ever at home,—always travelling, he said,—and now he pretends he doesn't know me, and what's to come of my two little children?
Crusty, to Pompous: You always have your children in pairs, do you?
Smart, angry: I'll have justice on you, you monster, if it takes me a year!
Handsome, weeping: Oh, oh, oh! I think I'll die of s-s-sorrow!
Smart, to Handsome: You pretend to be the man's wife, do you, you snivelling hussy? Get out of here, or I'll scratch your eyes out.
Handsome: Do s-s-scratch my eyes out, please. I'd like it, since my darling Pompey has de-c-c-ceived and de-s-s-serted me. But I am his wife—I'll show you. (*Exit, and enters again immediately with a baby on each arm.*) Look, the little pets! His!
Smart: You're not the only one. (*Exit R, and likewise returns with two babies.*) These are his also!

Pompous: Good God, am I going mad next? (*Exit, R, pursued by Crusty brandishing his fist, and by Smart and Handsome.*)

ACT III

Enter Smart L, taking off his sari; and Pompous, R, still running.

Pompous, to himself: Oh, this cursed town. Why did I ever leave Kumbakonam? The sky here seems to rain madmen—and madwomen. Heaven preserve me from the kind of wife I'd get here! (*Seeing Smart*) Oh, there you are: my one friend, the only sane man in the whole city. Oh, you can't imagine what has happened to me now: I only wish I had stayed tied up in the dark with the madman I met first. Listen—

Smart: No need to tell me, Mr. Pompous. I know all about it. The story is all over the town. Two wives already, and now to think of marrying a third! Really, Mr. Pompous!

Pompous: Great heavens, do you believe it too? It's a lie, I tell you, a wicked, scheming, malicious, devilish lie. I swear to you I've never been married yet: and I'm just about ready to swear that I never will be.

Smart: Well, that may prove a truer word than you think. Rightly or wrongly, the whole town's sure that you're a bigamist. And I ought to warn you that we take an extremely serious view of bigamy here. Why, only the other day a man was hanged, just for bigamy. Funnily enough, I think he came from Kumbakonam also. A relative perhaps?

Pompous: Hanged for bigamy! Monstrous! It isn't good law.

Smart: Good law or bad law, a Kumbakonam man was hanged for bigamy last Wednesday. The case will come up in the High Court in two or three months, perhaps; but meanwhile we've hanged the man, just for a precaution. That's what WE think of bigamy.

Pompous: When's the next train for Kumbakonam?

Smart: My good Mr. Pompous, you'll never reach the station alive. They're looking for you everywhere; they sound as if they fully intended to tear you limb from limb. But—I have an idea. By a curious coincidence, I happen to have a sari here. Put it on, and pull it over your face. Then perhaps you'll have a chance, though I wouldn't be sure even then.

Pompous: Give it me at once. How on earth does one put these things on?

Smart: This way (*helping him*). There now, even your two wives wouldn't recognise you. You look the perfect lady. You're safe, I think: and I'm glad of it. For my part, I wouldn't like it if you were hanged.

Pompous: I assure you I'd hate it. Now, do I look all right?
Smart: You look all right. See whether you can act the part properly. (*Pompous walks mincingly.*) Excellent: you'd deceive anyone. But can you talk the part too?
Pompous: Trust me for that: I have met many real ladies in my time. (*In a high voice*) Driver, driver! Now where has that driver of mine gone? Really I don't know what servants are coming to, these days. Is he going to keep me waiting all day? (*In his own voice*) Is that all right?
Smart: Not bad, but you'd be the better of some practice.
Pompous, in a high voice: How much did you say this bracelet cost? What? FIVE RUPEES? Ridiculous: It isn't worth eight annas. Do you take me for a fool? Keep your old bracelet. (*Walking away and then turning*) I'll give you four-eight for it. (*In his own voice*) Is that better?
Smart: Yes, that's much better. Just go on practising, and you'll soon be word-perfect. I'll go ahead meanwhile and see whether the road's clear.
Pompous: But what am I to do?
Smart: Oh, just be yourself: you'll be perfectly safe here for five or ten minutes. Be careful, though. *Exit, L.*
Pompous walks up and down, talking like a lady of quality. Then a badmash comes in (L), and begins to look menacingly at him: he becomes more and more nervous, and finally screams for the police. The badmash runs away (R).

Enter Handsome, L, disguised as a policeman.

Handsome: What is it, ma'am?
Pompous, in his high voice: Oh, he's gone now. Such a badmash! I was terrified.
Handsome: But what's this? I seem to know that face. Here! (*pulling aside the sari from Pompous' face*) Pompous himself, the wicked bigamist! You come along with me.
Pompous: What are you going to do to me, policeman?
Handsome: Oh, I won't do much to you. I'll leave the doing to others. In fact, the hangman.
Pompous: Merciful heaven, he's mad too!

Enter Smart, L, as Handsome is dragging away Pompous, R.

Smart: Hullo, hullo, what's this?
Pompous: I've been recognised, and they're going to hang me!
Smart: Now, isn't that just too bad, after all the trouble I've taken. (*To Handsome*) Look here, constable, couldn't you stretch a point, just for once?

Handsome: Impossible. The law's the law. (*He turns away R, his left hand open behind him. Smart signs to Pompous to give Handsome money; Pompous hitches up his sari and gets a note out of his trouser-pocket, and puts it into Handsome's hand.*)
Handsome, looking at the note: Only fifty rupees! I couldn't think of letting him go: remember that bigamy's a hanging matter. (*Smart signs to Pompous again, and Pompous gets another note from the other pocket and hands it over.*)
Handsome, looking at it: Well, after all, I suppose he may not be the person we are looking for. (*To Pompous*) Off you go.
Smart: There's a train for Kumbakonam in twenty minutes. Can you run in a sari?
Pompous: Can't I? *Exit L, running.*

Smart: Well, how's that? It's a hundred to one on you now anyhow. Pompous is off all right: and now we only have to get you on. And, I say, we're in luck: here's old Crusty coming this way, just as I've thought of a plan. Off you go, that way, find Grace, and bring her here as quickly as you can. By the time you're back, we'll be ready for you. I can't explain now: but keep your uniform on.

Exit Handsome, R.

Enter Crusty, L.

Smart, pretending not to see him: Oh, what a calamity! What a disaster! What sad news for a father! Poor Mr. Crusty, you have my sympathy. What will you say? How will you be able to bear this burden?
Crusty: Mr. Smart! (*Smart starts.*) What is it? What's wrong? Tell me at once.
Smart: Oh, Mr. Crusty, this scoundrel from Kumbakonam, this blackguard Pompous, has eloped with your daughter.
Crusty: Eloped with my daughter!
Smart: Yes. She knew how anxious you were, until today, for the match. She was against it at first, as you perhaps knew; but she is so submissive and obedient to your slightest wish that she came round completely, and found herself head-over-heels in love with a man she had never seen. She didn't know that you had changed your mind. And when the scoundrel managed to get at her, somehow or other, she went off like a shot as soon as he proposed it.
Crusty: What! My daughter married to a lunatic, an insolvent debtor, and a bigamist, all in one! What am I to do? (*They both walk about, lost in thought.*)
Smart, looking off right: What's this? I can't believe my own eyes. Here's your daughter coming back again, dragged along, unwillingly

I think, by Handsome! And he is dressed like a common policeman. What can it mean?
Crusty: My daughter, and Handsome dressed like a policeman!
Smart: I've got it! Handsome heard about your daughter's elopement when I did: he must have disguised himself as a policeman, stopped them, and frightened away Pompous. Pompous is terrified of the police over this bigamy business, and he would be sure to run as soon as he saw khaki. That's it: and here they are.

Enter Handsome and Grace, R.

Crusty, taking Handsome's hand (Smart crosses over between Handsome and Grace): Handsome, my dear boy, my hero! You have saved my daughter from the hands of that unprincipled villain; and what's more, you have saved ME from being made to look like a fool. How can I ever repay you? You shall marry her yourself, with my blessing!
Smart, aside to Handsome: Say you won't.
Handsome: What!
Smart, aside: Say you won't. Trust me!
Handsome: Sir, I appreciate the generosity of your offer, and am grateful for your kind intentions. But really, sir—
Smart: Really, Mr. Crusty, you can hardly wonder if he hesitates. After all, your daughter, if I may point it out, was actually running away with that infamous wretch, Pompey (*winking and nudging Grace*), when Handsome interfered and brought her back by force. It is obvious that he must have done it out of love for you, not out of love for her (*nudging Handsome*).
Handsome: Indeed, sir, it is true. I did love her once, as you perhaps knew; but after what has happened—
Crusty: I know. I know. She has disgraced herself and me. All the more reason I should marry her off at once, before she can get into any more mischief, especially to such a fine young fellow as yourself.
Smart, whispering to Grace: Say you love no one but Pompous.
Grace: Father, are my wishes not to be consulted? For six months now you have sung the praises of Mr. Pompous to me, and were never tired of running down Mr. Handsome here. Now you have changed, I don't know why: but I haven't. I fell in love with Mr. Pompous to please you, and indeed I'll stay in love with him to please myself. My mind is made up.
Crusty: The girl's mad, clean mad. You see she's utterly abandoned to her folly. (*To Handsome*) Come now, don't you see that I need your help? Her poor old father can't keep her in order, it seems;

the only hope for her is that she should be put under a fine sensible husband who will know how to knock all this nonsense out of her. Here's an offer, now: promise to marry her on the spot, and I'll double her dowry on the spot. Is it a bargain?

Handsome: Sir, I accept your offer. I don't value the money for its own sake at all, but as a token of your good will, which I value more than anything else in the world. And if I agree to marry her, it isn't to please her, or to please myself—because it doesn't: it is solely to please you. I will do what you ask. I will marry the girl.

Crusty: That's handsome now, and like yourself. I'll run away now, and fetch a registrar, and you'll be married at once; and then the four of us shall have a nice little dinner, and we'll all drink Confusion to Pompous! (*He joins their hands, while they pretend to be reluctant, then goes out: immediately they fall into one another's arms, Smart in the background blessing them.*)

Books Old and New

I

Heiler on Prayer

Prayer. A Study in the History and Psychology of Religion. By Friedrich Heiler. (Oxford University Press, New York. pp. xxviii and 376. 16 *s.*)

Professor Heiler is well known in this country for his big book on Sadhu Sundar Singh, and by quotations from his untranslated study of Buddhism. In his own country (he is Professor of the History of Religions at Marburg) he is best known for his monumental work on Prayer, '*Das Gebet.*' It was published during the War, parts of it being written in the intervals of service in a military hospital. Almost from the end of the War it has been famous by name, and widely quoted, in the English-speaking countries: but the first translation appears only now, the work of two American scholars. Publishers and translators alike, no doubt, have been hitherto intimidated by the dimensions of the book, which contains a quarter of a million words and about two thousand quotations, all with footnotes attached. The English edition is greatly simplified and shortened.

Heiler claims that he writes from an 'œcumenical' or world-wide view-point. From the book itself, one would think that the author belonged to one of the more individualistic types of Protestantism. In fact, Heiler, when he wrote, was a Roman Catholic priest. Since the War, however, he has left the Church of his birth and has joined the Lutheran Church, where however he seems to be something of a solitary. In a preface to the translation he professes especial indebtedness to two Roman Catholics,—Karl Adam and the late Baron von Hügel,—and to two non-Romans,—Fischer of Munich and the late Archbishop Söderblom of Sweden.

From the ecclesiastical point of view, Heiler's outlook is remarkably broad. It is broad in other ways also. He is so learned that he can write like one who is unfettered by space or time, ranging freely over the whole of recorded human experience. For example, he quotes many times from Manikka Vachakar. His method is historical and psychological. Yet he never becomes a mere recorder or analyst: he maintains throughout the claim that religion is a thing by itself, not to be explained in terms of anything else, a personal possession, sometimes blissful, sometimes torturing, always amazing.

Heiler traces prayer from its beginnings among the most primitive

peoples, and, pursuing the historical method, gives us what is practically a complete outline of each of the great religions of the world: with greater depth, though with less detail, he does more or less what Canon Streeter does for Buddhism and Christianity in his recent work 'The Buddha and the Christ'. When he comes to prayer fully developed (which, he declares, often means prayer withered and ossified), his chief point is that there are two main types of prayer, the mystical and the prophetic, quite different though never or rarely found entirely separate.

'The essential nature of mystical prayer is concentration and absorption, that of prophetic prayer is discharge of emotion. In the former, there is silence undisturbed by emotion, or a mind steeped in contemplation, in the latter, an "outpouring of the soul", a "crying unto God out of the depths". Mystical prayer, at least in its beginning, is conscious and voluntary direction, prophetic prayer is thoroughly naïve, and involuntary, an expression of oneself through inner necessity. Simply and without restraint, the petitioner unveils himself to God; he confides to Him the agitation and tumult of his inmost soul, his fears and troubles, his desires and hopes, even his doubts and rebellion. The object of mystical prayer is exclusively God, the only reality, the highest worth; the object of prophetic prayer is the sorrow and the joy, the anxiety and fear which belong peculiarly to man, but also his reliance and confidence. The mystic is familiar with self-observation and self-contemplation to the point of psychological self-analysis: the humbleness and nothingness of his own ego into which he absorbs himself in his devotion are the dark background from which the infinity of God exalts itself with paradoxical effect. Prophetic worship, on the other hand, is not methodical self-contemplation, but passionate self-manifestation' (pp. 239-40). The mystical is 'contemplative-æsthetic', the prophetic is 'practico-ethical' (p. 338).

Heiler wisely does not try to compare the two kinds of prayer in value, taking the position that we ought to try to sympathise with everybody, and that if we do we can learn from everybody (though he seems to reveal that personally he sympathises more with the prophetic type). 'All things are yours' (1 Cor. iii 21).

The above extract, with its wide-ranging comparisons and antitheses, shows the extraordinary breadth and grasp of Heiler's mind. It will be worth while to give another long series of antitheses, from the beginning of the last chapter, entitled 'The Essence of Prayer'.

'Prayer appears in history in an astonishing multiplicity of forms; as the calm collectedness of a devout individual soul, and as the ceremonial liturgy of a great congregation; as an original creation of a religious genius, and as an imitation on the part of a simple, average

religious person; as the spontaneous expression of upspringing religious experiences, and as the mechanical recitation of an incomprehensible formula; as bliss and ecstasy of heart, and as painful fulfilment of the law; as the involuntary discharge of an overwhelming emotion, and as the voluntary concentration on a religious object; as loud shouting and crying, and as still, silent absorption; as artistic poetry, and as a stammering speech; as the flight of the spirit to the supreme Light, and as a cry out of the deep distress of the heart; as joyous thanksgiving and ecstatic praise, and as humble supplication for forgiveness and compassion; as a childlike entreaty for life, health, and happiness, and as an earnest desire for power in the moral struggle for existence; as a simple petition for daily bread, and as an all-consuming yearning for God Himself; as a selfish wish, and as an unselfish solicitude for a brother; as wild cursing and vengeful thirst, and as heroic intercession for personal enemies and persecutors; as a stormy clamour and demand, and as joyful renunciation and holy serenity; as a desire to change God's will and make it chime with our petty wishes, and as a self-forgetting vision of and surrender to the Highest Good; as the timid entreaty of the sinner before a stern judge, and as the trustful talk of a child with a kind father; as swelling phrases of politeness and flattery before an unapproachable King, and as a free outpouring in the presence of a friend who cares; as the humble petition of a servant to a powerful master, and as the ecstatic converse of the bride with the heavenly Bridegroom' (p. 353).

Another important point made by Heiler is the distinction between primary and secondary forms of prayer. Primary prayer 'appears as a purely psychical fact, the immediate expression of an original and profound experience of the soul. It bursts forth with innate energy. Very different are the secondary types. They are no longer an original, personal experience, but an imitation or a congealment of such a living experience' (p. 354). It is by his study of prayers of the primary type that he comes to his description of the essence of prayer. 'Prayer is the expression of a primitive impulsion to a higher, richer, intenser life. . . . It is always a great longing for life, for a more potent, a purer, a more blessed life. The hungry pigmy who begs for food, the entranced mystic, absorbed in the greatness and beauty of the infinite God, the guilt-oppressed Christian who prays for forgiveness of sins and the assurance of salvation—all are seeking life. . . . Even the Buddhist beggar-monk, who by meditation works himself up into a state of perfect indifference, seeks in the denial of life to attain a higher and purer life' (p. 355). But every man who prays at all, prays not only because he is conscious of need in himself: he prays also because he 'believes that he speaks with a God, immediately present and personal, has intercourse with

Him, that there is between them a vital and spiritual commerce. . . . Every prayer is a turning of man to another Being to whom he inwardly opens his heart; it is the speech of an "I" to a "Thou"' (p. 356). And he sums up: 'Prayer is, therefore, a living communion of the religious man with God, conceived as personal and present in experience, a communion which reflects the forms of the social relations of humanity' (p. 358).

Prayer therefore (to give the third of Heiler's main distinctions) is different from Adoration, 'the contemplative surrender to a Supreme Good' (p. 360), and from Devotion, 'the quiet, solemn mood of the soul which is caused by the contemplation of ethical and intellectual, but especially of æsthetic and religious values, whether of external objects or of imaginative conceptions dominated by feeling. Whilst adoration is concerned inwardly with an ideal object and holds it fast with convulsive energy, the objective presupposition of the experience of devotion acts purely as a stimulus. . . . In short, adoration has an objective, devotion a subjective character. The analysis of adoration and devotion enables us to set the essence of prayer in the clearest light. Prayer is no mere feeling of exaltation, no mere hallowed mood, no mere prostration before a Supreme Good. It is rather a real intercourse of God with man, a living fellowship of the finite spirit with the Infinite' (p. 361). 'To pray means to speak to and have intercourse with God, as suppliant with judge, servant with master, child with father, bride with bridegroom' (p. 362).

Araby the Blest.

Arabia Felix. Across the empty Quarter of Arabia. By Bertram Thomas. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1932. pp. xxxii and 397. 25*s*).

Matthew Arnold gave it as his judgment that everyone who had written about Wordsworth had written well. That is no longer true of Wordsworth: but it comes near to bring true of Arabia. It would be an interesting study to take all the English books of travel in Arabia together, and to try to find out whether there is not some similarity or affinity between Arab and Englishman—some hidden trait in English writers that makes them write their best on Arabian subjects. I don't profess to have read all those books myself, by any means: but judging by those I have read, and by all that I have read about the rest, it seems to me that all are good, and that the best are unsurpassed. Burton's travels are as readable today as ever. Doughty's monumental "Arabia Deserta," one of the strangest of English books, is also certainly among the greatest. T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," an expurgated abridgment of his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom"

which was never offered to the public, is not strictly a travel book, for it is the narrative of his almost incredible achievements as leader of an Arab revolt, in concert with the Allies, during the Great War. There are many who maintain that it is the greatest of all the books brought forth by the War: and though its main interest is fighting, its peculiar flavour and charm have much to do with the descriptions of the wild men who did the fighting, and their fascinating country. And since the War there have been books—all of them extraordinarily good—by Gertrude Bell, Hogarth, St. John Philby, and Eldon Rutter. It is a very remarkable list: and T. E. Lawrence, in his introduction to "Arabia Felix", says that except the English ones, no Arabian book is readable, bar one.

Bertram Thomas' book, therefore, joins an exalted company. It has been awaited with exceptional interest for another reason also. To quote T. E. Lawrence again, the book closes an epoch. The country he describes, the Rub 'al Khali, the South Arabian desert, was till last year, as he says, the only part of the world that had never been explored and described,—"the last unwritten plot of earth big enough for a sizable man's turning in twice or thrice about before he couches.... We cannot know the first man who walked the inviolate earth for newness' sake: but Thomas is the last." And if that is an exaggeration, what does it matter?

It may be said at once that "Arabia Felix" is worthy both of its predecessors and of its subject. On its value as a contribution to knowledge, the experts have already decided: Captain Thomas has been bemedalled by numerous learned societies. But as a piece of literature it is beyond praise. In outline it is a straightforward day-by-day chronicle of a journey, made on camel-back (with three chronometers and two aneroids!) and in Arab company. It began at Dhufar, the "Araby the Blest" of the old writers (see "Paradise Lost", Book IV, lines 159–165), and ended at Doha in Qatar on the Persian Gulf. The distance is about 600 miles as the crow flies, and it took two months, December and January 1930-31. Here and there the narrative is broken off, and there is a chapter of zoology or ornithology, meteorology or anthropology. These must appeal chiefly to specialist: one conclusion of general interest is that the fauna and flora seem to be almost more African than Asiatic.

To the average reader, however, the great thing is that the book gives a wonderfully convincing and detailed picture of life in the desert. Capt. Thomas had been a British Agent in Iraq and Trans-Jordan: and more than that, he had been Wazir (Vizier) to H. H. the Sultan of Muscat. It is plain that he enjoyed the confidence, and in large measure the friendship, of the Bedawin with whom he travelled. It was a strange journey for which he asked their escort: danger from

drought much of the time, danger always from hostile tribes. His money alone would not have tempted the sheikhs.

And it is plain that on the journey they opened their hearts to him: his pages are full of the most intimate tribal gossip and family secrets. Round the fire at night they would tell him stories of the heroes of old, Bu Zaid and his kinsman Dhiyab bin Ghasim, masterly ruffians of the legendary Bani Hillal. The Rashidis told him scornfully that the Sa'ar do not pray. "They say, God is the Knower! that their ancestors saved the Prophet from the hands of infidels who were intent on slaying him, and the Prophet granted to him and his heirs exemption from prayer observances. They say so! May God forgive them!"

This piety of speech is habitual. When they were surprised, or deeply interested by anything, they would call upon heaven. At the camp-fire, Capt. Thomas admitted that in England the family of a murdered man do not get any blood-money from the tribe of the murderer: and there came a chorus, "There is no God but God."

The many photographs are all admirable.

C. F. Andrews's Autobiography.

What I owe to Christ. By C. F. Andrews. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5*s*.).

These are days of autobiographies, of intimate soul-revelations and confessions. Many such books are quite insipid, and occasionally even revolting to our sense of good taste. A few, however, like the book under review, are really stimulating and helpful. Mr. Andrews being a well-known figure, particularly in the East where he has identified himself with the lowliest and the last, his musings about himself are likely to evoke the keenest interest among all classes of people here; to his Christian friends especially his answer to the question "what he owes to Christ" will be very closely scanned. The book itself, as its title suggests, is a development of the theme of his personal indebtedness to Christ.

Some of the earliest chapters in the book are devoted to the truly beautiful and saintly character and the religious outlook of his parents who were members of a curious religious sect called the Irvingites. Although he very soon outgrew the religious faith of his parents, it is obvious that his deep religious instinct is his inheritance from them.

It was at Cambridge that he became attached to the High Church faith. Always susceptible to the influence of his friends, he very readily came under the spell of Basil Westcott, the son of the bishop; and it was partly because of him that Andrews decided to join the Anglican communion.

He regards the day of his arrival in India as his second birthday, and it was in this country of his adoption that his whole religious outlook, under the impact of new and strong personalities and momentous events, suffered a complete transformation. Susil Rudra, his colleague and a devoted Christian, from the very beginning cast his spell upon the impressionable young man. Though a Christian, Susil had his own views about the desirableness of making conversions, and was loosely tolerant towards other faiths. The meditative and God-possessed soul of Sadhu Sundar Singh, in whose company Andrews spent a long time in the Himalayas, was also not without effect on him. His faith in Christ was strengthened.

But day by day it is evident that Andrews was losing his old on the strong faith of his Church. During a period of peculiar mental strain and religious difficulties, Albert Schweitzer's 'Quest of the Historical Jesus' acted as water to parched land. He drank of it and was satisfied. He does not make quite clear what exactly he owes to Schweitzer: probably the great German thinker made him face squarely once again the question whether he was prepared to leave all and follow Jesus.

Three factors more than anything else helped to mould his later thinking: these were Mr. Gandhi's personality, the World War, and the spiritual influence of Santiniketan. While on the one hand Gandhi and his followers were carrying on their heroic struggle in S. Africa and thus were proving themselves better Christians than many nominal Christians, on the other hand in the European war all the Christian nations seemed to have let loose all the lower passions of mankind in an orgy of hatred and killing. During the period of trouble, the philosophy and poetry of Tagore sustained him; and Santiniketan, and the Poet's tenderness towards him, occupy a hallowed place in his memory.

All of these influences led to a weakening of his hold on the traditional and well tried doctrines of the Christian Church. He found it increasingly difficult to repeat the Athanasian Creed, 'Which faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled; without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.' For he had been driven to the conviction by his contact with Gandhi, Tagore, and a number of other high-souled Indian friends, that the mind of man at its best, whether Christian or non-Christian, was influenced by the spirit of Christ. This conviction inevitably led to the severing of his official connexion with his Church.

Andrews does not define in any theological or exact terms the conception of the personality of Christ which he came to hold ultimately. It is clear however that he had travelled far away from the Christ of the High Church and of his parents. But it is equally clear that the personality of Christ occupies the central place in his

life and thought. In this connexion it will be worth while to quote his own words :—

'Apart from Jesus, there is no human character that can embody adequately in his own person the full yearning of mankind.'

A quotation from another part of the book is also significant, and will be interesting to all the Christian friends of Andrews. He says :—

'After nearly thirty years of life spent in the East, certain great facts in my religious thinking stand out in the foreground. By far the greatest of these is this—that Christ has become not less central but more central and universal; not less divine to me, because more universally human. I can see him as the pattern of all that is best in Asia as well as in Europe.'

It is clear on every page of this truly remarkable book that Christ has wrought great things in this man, and through him.

K. M. CHERIAN.

Kālidāsa's Mālavikāgnimitra

This drama has been believed to be the first production of this dramatist, yet it reflects the consummate genius of the poet in regard to the conduct of the plot. The three 'unities' of time, place and action, are here carefully followed. In Sanskrit dramas, the unities of time and place are very rarely adhered to. In the *Uttarāmacarita* of Bhavabhūti twelve years elapse between the first and the second acts. The scene of the first act, again, is laid in Ayodhyā, of the second in the Daṇḍaka forest, and of the rest in Vālmīki's āśrama. In *Śākuntala*, again, six or seven years at least must have elapsed between the fifth and the sixth acts. The scene of the first four acts is laid in Kaṇvā's āśrama, of the fifth and sixth in Duṣyantha's capital, and of the seventh in Kāśyapa's āśrama somewhere between heaven and earth. So in *Vikramōrvaśīya* also. But in this drama, the scene of all the acts is laid in Agnimitra's capital, Vidiśā, and the action cannot have lasted for more than a few months, five or six at the most. Moreover, there is an opportunity here for the fullest expression of the art of story-writing. In his other two dramas, the stories have a mythical back-ground, but here, though Puṣyamitra, Agnimitra, and Vasumitra are all historical characters, belonging to the Sunga dynasty which was supreme in Northern India after the fall of the Mauryan dynasty in 183 B.C., the story is a romantic love episode, for which the poet alone must have been responsible. Further, the Vidūṣaka's art dexterously lays the foundation of the plot and carries it out to its ultimate successful close. If his co-ordinates, the Parivrājikā or Bakulāvalikā, had played false to him, or had not co-operated with him, fully supplementing his skill with their ingenuity, nay, with their loyalty, the story might have had a completely different end. Had the dancing-master Gaṇadāsa not been so pliable to the machinations of the Vidūṣaka, but had been overawed by Dhāriṇi into pocketing the insult of Haradatta, the dance itself of the second act, enabling the king to see Mālavikā, could not have taken place. Then again, if Dhāriṇī had deputed Irāvatī to perform the *asokadohada*, the wooing of Agnimitra and Mālavikā in Act III would have been impossible. In Act IV, also, supposing the queen had, besides her signet-ring, something else on which also there was the impression of a serpent, the Vidūṣaka could not have effected the release of Mālavikā by so clever a ruse as by representing to Dhāriṇī that the poison of his snake-bite could be cured only by something which had such an impression upon it. Lastly each act is so arranged as to be the natural corollary of the preceding one,

and contributes its proper share to the dénouement of the drama. In a word, the plot of each of the acts is so closely knit together that the drama best compares with the master productions in Sanskrit literature, the *Veṇisaṃhāra* or the *Mudrārākṣasa*.

Characterisation also is brilliantly portrayed here. The Vidūṣaka is a veritable *Kamatantrasaciva* or a minister in love-affairs, as he is styled by Irāvati who dislikes him from the very outset for obvious reasons. He is the literal *Sūtradhāra* of the whole play, holding the strings, as it were, of every scene in the play. It is true that he calls himself a glutton and a mere blockhead. In common with his brothers in the other two dramas, he sustains the humour at its highest pitch throughout. But in them, the Vidūṣaka, instead of being helpful to the king in his courtship, is something of a cumbersome appendage, if not a positive nuisance. In *Vikramōrvaśīya* he puts the king in a very embarrassing position by losing a love epistle from Urvaśī, which the king had entrusted to him for safe custody but which through his carelessness, finds its way into the hands of the proud queen. In *Śākuntala*, also, the Vidūṣaka so beautifully plays into the catastrophe which he could have easily averted by reminding the king who of course was under a curse of his love episode with Śakuntala in the opening acts, that he suffers full six or seven years to lapse before the ring is found, which alone enkindles the king's lost memory. Thus by a clever stroke of dramatic genius, the Vidūṣaka recedes to the background, enabling the heroes in the later dramas to occupy their own dominant position and play the larger role.

Here the Vidūṣaka also is an intimate student of human psychology. His study of Dhāriṇī is so perfect that he could be sure that Dhāriṇī would not appoint Irāvati as her deputy to perform the *asokadohada* in the third act. It was with this unerring insight into human character that he titled the swing, which resulted, as he expected, in wounding Dhāriṇī's leg, disabling her.

The Vidūṣaka and the Kañcukin represent two knotty points of Sanskrit dramaturgy. They are represented as Brahmins who seem to have prostituted their spiritual lore for material advancement. The Vidūṣaka corresponds to the court fool of the English dramas, and the Kañcukin is a chamberlain in the harem. The former is a greater sinner in this respect as he is prepared to tell lies, to set people fighting, and so forth, if only to please his royal master. There is one occasion however, when he goes counter to this general principle. After Mālavikā's release in the fourth act, he sleeps in front of the *Samudragṛha* where Agnimitra and Mālavikā are together. Irāvatī, happening to pass that away, notices him with suspicion. To add to her suspicion, just then, the Vidūṣaka in his dream utters an imprecation against herself. At her instance, her maid throws a stick on him,

and the resulting confusion brings Agnimitra and Mālavikā face to face with Irāvatī. But obviously he cannot be held responsible for this. On the whole, he lends colour to the plausible theory, that his name may, in some strange way, be derived from *Vidvān*, a learned man. One of the synonyms of *Vidvān*, according to the Amarakośa *doṣajñaḥ*, a knower of faults, seems also to support this theory.

Agnimitra is characterised as a very fortunate hero throughout the drama. He possesses, fortunately for himself, ministers like Vāhatava who are consummate politicians. Agnimitra himself is an adept in political precepts of divide and rule and the like. He is fortunate again, in possessing brave commanders like Vīrasena, who, though their master would be steeped in love-affairs at home, can redeem his honour abroad. His possession of such a resourceful and tactful Vidūṣaka has already been referred to. Smaller instances where fortune seems to favour him may be multiplied. The bell announcing the advent of midday in the second act soon after Mālavikā's dance is over, is a very convenient excuse for him to postpone the dance of Haradatta's disciple in whom he is less interested. The monkey frightening Vasulakśmi, Dhāriṇī's young sister, towards the end of the fourth act, is very opportune for him when he is at his wits' end to find an excuse to run away from Irāvati. It may also be remarked that he is also fortunate in possessing the forbearing Dhāriṇī for wife. The last śloka, by the way, supports the belief that this king might also have been doubly fortunate in possessing Kālidāsa as his poet laureate.

Dhāriṇī and Irāvati represent two opposite types of Indian wives, the one gentle and forbearing, ready to serve her husband even when there were formidable rivals to share his love, and the other aggressive and highly arrogant. These seem to have been modelled in such a way as to illustrate the famous advice of Kaṇva to Śakuntalā on the eve of her departure to her husband's palace. They compare very favourably with Kausalyā and Kaikeyī of the Rāmāyaṇa and seem to have been inspired by Vālmīkī's classic characterisation of them. Some of the excesses of Irāvati are made the results of her drinking. Dhāriṇī represents the best type of the Indian wife. According to a dictum of our poet in another context (*Kumāra*. i. 59), such alone are great as can successfully combat temptations even when actually beset with them. Judging by this rule, Dhāriṇī has reason to be jealous of Irāvati and Mālavikā, but of her own accord is instrumental in presenting Mālavikā to the king and is also interested in reconciling Irāvati with her unfortunate plight.

Lastly, the way in which each act contributes to the general development of the drama as a whole is quite characteristic of Kālidāsa's dramatic genius. The engineering of the quarrel between the

dancing masters is responsible for the dance of Mālavikā in the second. It is in the *aśokadohada* scene in the third act that his genius finds best expression. It is quite fitting, in the nature of things, that Agnimitra's wooing must begin, continue and end under the golden aśoka tree, which is characterised as *śokāpanuda* or dispeller of sorrow in the Rāmāyaṇa.

Faithfulness to dramatic technique, careful evolution of the plot, absorbing powers of story writing, and above all, the masterly characterisation of the Vidūṣaka and Dhāriṇī are thus the outstanding merits of this drama. Viewed against its two imitations, viz. the *Ratnāvalī* and *Priyadarśikā* of Śrī Harṣa, the compelling excellence of this drama is conspicuous.

U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO.

Mary Webb.

In her life-time Mary Webb was not entirely neglected, but she received far less than her due, and it was only after her death in 1927 that the public awoke to the real importance and value of her work as a novelist. She herself was sensitively alive to the neglect of her work, not so much, we may imagine, because she desired mere publicity, as because she felt that she had really something to offer others, if they would only accept the offer.

Mary Webb was born in 1881 in a Shropshire village and she spent the greater part of her life in the same county. Her works are her memorial to her love of that part of England and her intimate knowledge of its scenery, people, language and customs. From her early girlhood she was a close student of nature. "As a child," she says, "I remember standing awe-stricken at the strange beauty of a well-known field in the magic of a June dawn." This awe and this sense of the beautiful were to remain with her throughout the course of her life.

Her novels are few in number, but this "little parcel of novels" contains within its seemingly narrow compass a great and generous wealth for the discerning reader. The very titles of the novels have a certain charm: *The Golden Arrow*, *Gone to Earth*, *The House in Dormer Forest*, *Seven for a Secret* and *Precious Bane*. In addition, there are poems, a volume of essays called *The Spring of Joy*, and an unfinished novel: *Armour Wherein He Trusted*.

In the novels of Mary Webb there is an intense love for nature, a joy in its variety and beauty, and a sensitiveness to its appeal which is far more than the mere swift response of the senses to the outwardly beautiful. It is certainly that, but it is in addition the response of the spirit to the spiritual. There is an intensely mystical quality in Mary Webb's thought about nature and in her expression of that thought. Here is a passage from *The House in Dormer Forest* which will serve to show the mystical nature of her writing at times. "It was very early, and the wood was in a charmed stillness. The blackbird fell into a long meditation, and Amber shut her eyes, listening, not with the ear, but with the soul. Here, where the sounds of the world died away like a lapsing tide, she heard the sad rumour that life makes stirring and murmuring in the silver hush of nonentity. She heard the moth-flicker of worlds slipping out into their age-long life, and their return—faint as the hum of a spent bee—to their everlastingly mysterious cause."

From the point of view of fineness and justness of description this novelist has hardly her equal. She shows in her work great power and variety of description. On the one hand, she is capable of descriptive effects which are the result of breadth and grandeur and the massing of colour. On the other hand, she is able to achieve effects which are the result of the sensitive blending of delicate shades which derive their real beauty from the harmony of the whole.

From the novel which has been quoted above there may be taken as an example of the first kind of description a sky-scene before the coming of a severe thunder-storm. "For many days there had loomed, around and above Dormer Valley, gigantic clouds which grouped themselves beyond the circle of darkly wooded, rooky hills, like people in an amphitheatre. Some towered like gods in white mantles, with folded arms; others seemed to lean forward upon the woods, as on a granite balustrade, brooding on the house of Dormer. Some appeared to rest, chin on hand; some were hump-backed, ponderous; others like stealthy little gods of mischievous intent, crept and climbed, peeping over the shoulders of giants. They were mostly of that terrific pink peculiar to thunder-clouds, and fiercer than grey or black—a very pale brick-colour tinged with yellow—which seems like a caricature of all the rosy and fire-lit and flesh-tinted pinks, which is at once awful and ghoulish."

As an example of her very delicate description, we may quote her description of water-lilies on Sarn Mere in *Precious Bane.* "The big bright leaves lay calm upon the water, and calmer yet upon the leaves lay the lilies, white and yellow. When they were buds, they were like white and gold birds sleeping, head under wing, or like summat carven out of glistering stone, or, as I said afore, they were like gouts of pale wax. But when they were come into full blow they wunna like anything but themselves, and they were so lovely you couldna choose but cry to see them. The yellow ones had more of a spread of petals, having five or six apiece, but the white ones opened their four wider, and each petal was bigger. These petals are of a glistering white within, like the raiment of those men who stood with Christ upon the mountain top, and without they are stained with tender green, as if they had taken colour from the green shadows in the water."

But it is not for their descriptive power only that her novels deserve to be prized. She is also a passionately sincere student of people. Especially does she love those upon whom circumstance bears hard; those who are crushed and misunderstood; those who are in need of a champion. She loves the individualists, the men and women who claim the right to think and act as their finest selves would lead them to do. This sympathy for human beings is also extended to the animals who are so often the victims of the insensate stupidity of

unimaginative men. Her novel *Gone To Earth* rings with her cry of protest againt that insensitiveness which shows itself in fox-hunting. Mary Webb is above all the proclaimer of the right to freedom from all the bonds of that which is accepted as being right, only through lack of vision and through spiritual deadness on the part of those who accept.

Her novels are also concerned with the struggle between the material and the spiritual; the sensual and the pure and idealistic. Her characters represent both types. It is natural for Mary Webb to lay more emphasis, in those characters whom she most truly loves, upon the qualities of the spirit than upon those qualities which appeal only to the senses. The heroine of *Precious Bane*, Prue Sarn, is disfigured according to the common judgment by a hare-lip, a disfigurement which is also a sign of ill-omen according to popular superstition. But to the sensitive spirit all the physical disadvantage of her apparent misfortune is overcome by the soul of Prue herself, by the delicate temper of her mind, and by the quickness of her spiritual response to all that is finest. Again, Amber Darke, the heroine of *The House in Dormer Forest*, suffers from no delusions regarding her looks, but her creator's view of her and the reader's thought regarding her are expressed by the man who loves her. "I suppose," he says, "if one could get past your soul and look at your features, you might even be plain. But your soul sheds such a light, Amber, I shall never be able to see your features."

The author's great enemy is that view of life which is untouched by the spirit. In a sudden blaze of passionate enquiry she asks with fierce intensity: "But what is waste of time? Eating and sleeping; hearing grave, sedulous men read out of grave, sedulous book what we have heard a hundred times; besieging God (whom we end by imagining as a great ear) for material benefits; amassing property—these, the world says, are not waste of time. But to drink at the stoup of beauty; to lift the leafy coverlet of earth and seek the cradled God (since here, if anywhere, He dwells), this in the world's eye is waste of time. Oh, filthy, heavy-handed, blear-eyed world, when will you wash and be clean?"

But Mary Webb is not only a worshipper of nature, she is not only a compassionate student of human beings who are thwarted by prejudice and stupidity; she is also one who is keenly alive to the comic aspect of life. Her novels are lighted up, not only by their glory of description, but also by her delightful comic characters, for the most part men and women of the country which she knew so well, with their pithy utterance, their racy idiom, and their shrewd common-sense, quick to pierce through the superficial defences of convention and hypocrisy. Mary Webb's is a homely and delightful comedy. The

men and women of that comedy have a good deal in common with Hardy's comic characters.

A striking characteristic of this novelist is her power of producing what is known as "atmosphere" in the novel. In *Dormer Forest* the house itself is ever present in the novel, playing its own sinister part and seeming to dominate the destinies of those within its walls. Again in *Precious Bane* the lake called Sarn Mere plays its own important part in the book, almost as vital as that of any human character in the novel. The Mere is a force to be reckoned with.

Finally, Mary Webb is a true mistress of language. She has a command not only of literary English, but also of the dialect of her own beloved Shropshire. In her use of dialect she never makes you feel that she is striving consciously after effect. Her use of language is so perfectly natural that we accept it without question. She has also that power of phrase which enables her to say something quite simple and not necessarily very original, which yet is of such a nature as to catch the reader's imagination and to open up new vistas for him. "God minds not much, I think, what like His angels be, so that they do His work proper." "Times I wonder if heaven will be thus, a long gazing on a face you canna tire of, but must ever have one more glimpse." "I wonder to myself, times, if it was fair, clear weather on Golgotha when Mary looked up at the cross and whether there was some small bird singing, and the bees busy in the clover."

Let us, in ending, quote the words of John Buchan: "No one of our day has a greater power of evoking natural magic. Mary Webb need fear no comparison with any writer who has attempted to capture the soul of nature and to 'tease us out of thought' by glimpses into an ancient inheritance."

G. C. MARTIN.

Miscellany

Three Poems.

Awake, my Soul, the Earth is lovelier
Than dreams of poets sung in years before.
The Koël sings, the Jessamine sheds its dear
Delight, and Joy is growing evermore.

Like rose-buds, Joy puts on her gorgeous dress
For her first party, Joy goes forth ! Awake
My soul, and meet her in her loveliness.
The Earth awaits with outstretched arms, O take !

The Moon is soft
And wondrous beautiful.
But what's the use
When she's deceitful !

O she may shine
With soft and sensuous light,
But does she care
For Endymion's plight ?

She dare not kiss
When he's awake and knows,
But smothers him
While in his deep repose.

When first, my love, you flashed those Heavenly eyes
Upon my soul, a love Divine was lit
Which drove all evil thoughts in night's disguise ;
And thence pure Loveliness was clearly writ

On everything that met my eyes ; the dust
Of streets as soft as beds of daffodil !
A raven's throat as full of music thrust
As a nightingale's, and Beauty flowered still !

L. C. RICHARD,
Post Graduate (English).

My Ideal Artist

That tiny bird perched in a green nook—
its cry haunts me,
thrills my whole being.
What seeks it singing
di—mee—tri, di—mee—tri?
Always that cry, lonely, desolate,
quivering with a meaning, an emotion,
swelling with a passionate longing,
at times a desperation.

That wee bird is my ideal artist,
seeking for the unattainable, the elusive,
perceived in a flash, a gleam—
embryonic at first; it is ever aspiring,
until at last, the cry swells with the burden of
a message, a revelation,
overwhelming, ringing in the noonday air.

Its cry overpowers me;
it comes to me, the supreme perfection,
the fugitive essence, transcending the bounds of
Time and Space,
of all the lushness and the green of this earth,
of all the care and the pain,
the noise and deafness;
the aspiration for that ethereal perfection,
that beauty,
springing out of the earth,
the blue-green of its rivers,
the ivory tuskers of its oceans,
the cool solidness of moonbeams,
the beating warmth of lovers' embrace . . .

That cry, di—mee—tri,
is the symbol,
the unattainable bourne of
all my unrealizable visions.

M. S. MENON,
English Honours V.

The Passing of Human Glory

The glory won on battlefields,
The victory scored on open seas,
The power the king so proudly wields,
The fame the rich achieve in ease,

Await, alas! their destined hour,
And sadly must succumb to Fate,
E'en as a fine fast-fading flower,
That buds and blooms and droops, not late.

Did not proud Rome and lettered Greece
In Glory's golden cradle play?
None now recounts the deeds of these;
They're only pleasant dreams to–day.

Or battles lost or battles won,
Or overthrow or victory—
Whate'er the deeds they might have done,
'He died', thus ends each history.

Rest—After the Examination.

The Exam. is o'er;
Think thou no more
Of school or serious strain.
No more to rote
Thy time devote;
And rest thy wearied brain.

Forget awhile
Thy 'Rochouse File',
Thy stamping on the floor,
Thy clapping craze,
Thy cringing base,
Thy Shakespeare, Keats, Tagore.

Thy boisterous laugh,
Thy fun and chaff,
In reading-room and class—
Think not of these,
But find some peace,
Whether or not you pass.

Thy work is done,
And rest is won;
Dream not of problems deep,
Of 'riders' hard,
Of serf and lord,
Nor quote book-words in sleep.

C. M. VAIRAVELU,
Class I, i-B.

A Relic of the Past

Twenty-five miles on the military route from Bangalore to Madras is a decaying old castle. We are informed by the sign-board that it is now in 'unstable condition' and that inquisitive visitors enter it at their own risk. But hoping that the castle would not choose that moment of all moments, that I was inside, to tumble down, I resolved to go in.

Kenilworth Castle stands on the site of an old fort built by Tippu Sultan, overlooking a lake. Lord Kenilworth, local tradition has it, raised this edifice in order to make a home for his Scotch bride. But that proud lady, having paid a visit to the place, is said to have remarked that it was like her father's cow-shed. Whether it was this or the fact that the adjoining village was plague-ridden, that made her leave her husband, is not clearly known. But this is certain, that Lord Kenilworth pined away and within a month was placed under the earth, none knows where. The unlettered muse of the swain would point out a polished stone-coffin not far from the castle, resting on four stone spheres. He would say, 'Look! that is the grave of Lord Kenilworth! Unfortunate man! he loved his wife too dearly!' But when you go near and make out the almost faded inscriptions you will notice the name of a Collector of the place who died prematurely.

However, Kenilworth Castle is, to be sure, not a 'cow-shed'. Its splendid watch-towers and battlements half-hidden by trees make a perfect picture of a good old Scottish castle. The moat around is about eighty feet in width and is crossed over at the front by a dilapidated stone bridge. It is deep enough to allow palmyras to grow to their full height without the least sign of their existence from a dozen yards of the edge. It is now dry but fertile in undergrowth. Lontana and creepers have made dens for leopards; snakes, especially the cobra and the Russel's Viper, have come to live there in families and have been breeding very probably since the days of Tippu Sultan.

As you enter the hall you will notice a flight of rotten wooden stairs leading up to the private apartments. The main hall is bereft of furniture as is every other chamber. We get the impression of being in a cathedral cleared for white-washing. The stained glass windows are broken in many places, the wooden crosses are all eaten away by worms, the shelves are empty, and dust lies thick on doors and disjointed windows. Honeycombs hang in clusters from the ceiling. Doors betray a reluctance to be opened. They start creaking and sometimes loudly protest by coming off the hinges and, as it were, prostrating before you. The least noise made awakes ghostly echoes.

The kitchen is a separate block and looks like an isolated wing of an Abbey. The dovecote is in the centre of the courtyard and the

stables in a corner of the grounds. All are empty and now house the spider, the lizard, and the white ant.

The two remarkable features of the castle at present are these: They have discovered an underground passage at the foot of the stone stairs coming down from the bullion room in the upper story. Evidently this was designed as the safest and readiest means of conveying women and valuables in times of danger. The mine works under the moat far out to a village. A pit in that village is pointed out as the mouth of the tunnel.

The second peculiarity is the existence of a booth for Hanuman about the middle of the grounds behind the dovecote. This was undisturbed by Lord Kenilworth, his attempt to do so having ended in bleeding at the nose. The caretaker who informed me of this would not even approach the spot. It being dusk he said it was about the time Hanuman came on his nightly rounds to this haunt. I confess I was a bit scared. I have read of his prowess with his tail and I did not want another demonstration. I hastened out of the premises after paying my respects to Lord Kenilworth by tipping his latest tenant. I cast a casual glance backwards and what a pile of grandeur met my eyes!—awesome in its associations, majestic even in decay, a noble relic of the past!

L. C. RICHARD,
Post-Graduate (English).

Heroes of to-day.

It is the glorious tradition of the sea for the captain of a sinking ship to go down with his vessel. Sometimes it is his own mistake which has caused the disaster, but more often it is due to one of those pranks of Fate. But whatever the causes may be the captain goes down with the ship to show that he is brave, loyal and true.

On land such instances are not unknown. Only the other day, down the ghat road came a bus, never to reach its destination. Those who have visited the Kodaikanal hill-station will remember the Nadar-Motor-Service, known for its efficiency. The fated bus belonging to this service was in charge of their 'star' driver—a Nair. Throughout Madura district he was known for the control he had over his vehicle. Only those who have travelled to hill-stations in buses can understand the difficulties of a driver. The roads never plain, and always narrow, have the peculiar feature of winding along the hill-sides. Invariably on one side of the road the hill slopes upwards while on the other it slopes down to reach some valley whose bottom may be thousands of feet from the side of the road.

Along such a road came the driver, steering his vehicle round corners and hair-pin bends, never knowing what he would meet at the next turning. The powerful machine obeying his slightest touch was taking a great bend at the seventh mile from the hill station when Fate began to play her rôle. The driver fancied that he heard the tooting of a horn behind him and it being the courtesy of the road to allow a pleasure car to over-take buses, he turned round to see the position of the expected vehicle. That was the beginning of the great disaster. For once his judgment was at fault (as he realized a second later) when he turned to look at the road. Instead of taking the bend as he was expecting it the bus was going towards that side of the road where there was a fall. Quick as thought he jammned on the brakes, only to find that they failed in this emergency.

In another second the bus was rolling down the side of the hill to its doom. Naturally the progress of the vehicle was very slow as it bumped over rocks and shrubs. The passengers and the conductor were paralysed as soon as the strange journey commenced. But not so the driver. He was calm and collected and could have saved his life by jumping off his charge. He would not do it. He would try to save the lives of those who were entrusted to him. To the lady by his side he said calmly, 'Don't you worry. The brakes are not acting; but I will certainly stop this bus by bringing it to butt into the first convenient obstacle.' After that he was watching and watching for this 'obstacle' which never came.

About fifty feet from the start of this down-hill journey the passengers—two adults and three children—realised the danger. The man was quick to act and he shoved off the boy by his side who luckily landed on a soft spot. Then grabbing the child by his side he made a jump which saved the child. But his thigh bone was broken. The lady in the front seat with her boy was as stupefied as the conductor in the last seat. These had to be hurled out in the course of events. The conductor was the first to be ejected by a bump of the rear wheels. He came in contact with a huge rock violently and never again moved. A few yards further the lady and her boy were shaken off to sustain minor injuries.

Still the bus was rolling, the driver at the wheel—and he oblivious of the rest of the world—only intent on saving the bus or perishing in the attempt. Faster and faster it went down the slope gathering momentum, till before the driver knew what was happening it crashed against a huge boulder. The wreck crushed the driver and he was flattened, while splinters of broken glass inflicted deep facial wounds. In this pathetic state the rescue party found him a few hours later. This brave man was still living and fully conscious, and as they bore him towards the road, he was not groaning. He was only recounting

what had happened and feeling sorry that he had not averted the tragedy. When they reached the road they found the man unconscious and they hurried him on to the hospital. Just as they reached the hospital he got up convulsively and shouted, 'Oh! God! The bus is still rolling and the "obstacle" is not in sight' and fell back—dead.

V. A. PONNAIYA,
Post-graduate (*Physics*).

The College Bell

Hark! there goes the college bell precisely at 10 a.m. What does it signify? It may be called 'The stern daughter of the voice of Time.' It rouses us to a sense of duty, ever reminding us that time is the most precious gift to man, nay, it is the measurer of human life. The chime of the college bell is to students what the trumpet is to the war horse. It commands by its loud peal universal silence, attention and order from the students. There is a rush in all the stairs, and at all the doors. The bell has gone. The lecturers and professors go to their respective classes, and one by one, the late-comers enter. A vigorous stamping of the gallery greets them. But the late-comer feels that there is something wrong either with the feet of the students or with the planks of the gallery. Such is the effect produced by those who have not yet learned to respect the call of the college bell.

At the end of every hour, ding dong goes the college bell, and announces the passage of one precious hour. The lecturers leave the class rooms, after unloading the contents of their brains, and the students rouse their sleeping neighbours 'from a deep dream of peace'. At one o'clock the bell announces the lunch-hour. The students, with a load in their brains and an empty stomach, dash to the nearest hotels to empty the contents of their swelling purses, in exchange for the steaming dishes. There, they leisurely 'kiss the cups of brown coffee', and finish their grand lunch with a cigarette and a pinch of snuff, when lo! the college bell goes. What a confusion is seen! The half-smoked cigarette narrowly misses the tip of the nose of a passer by, while the silvery smoke is blown on the face of the man in front. The door of the snuff chamber is closed with a thud, snap, and the scented dust almost blinds the poor chap behind. What else but the college bell can produce such a stir among the students!

At 4 p.m., the college bell brings the day to a close. The teacher and the taught alike thank the bell for the timely relief it gives after a day's hard work, and 'wend their weary way' to their homes. What

a solemn duty does the college bell perform, from the little turret wherein it is situated. It has served the college from its birth, and anxiously expects promotion and recognition in the Tambaram Scheme.

K. R.
Class IV, I B.

A Modernised Metropolitan

It is only last year that there was a complete change in Sastri, the hero of our story, who was a 'young boy' of five and twenty and who was able to enter the portals of the University after six years' experience in the S. S. L. C. class. He alighted at the Central Station with a firm determination to take an M. A. degree with distinction, but little did our poor Sastri realise that he had to cross two University examinations. He managed to join one of the colleges in the metropolis and began to attend the classes very regularly for two whole months.

Hardly had these two months passed when our Sastri was reformed, that is, modernised. He had already thrown his 'sacred *poonool*' into the Bay of Bengal. He then had been to 'Bosotto' for a crop and shed his old 'kudimi'. He had become a liberal patron of the Venyusa, Hazeline Snow, and Rose Powder companies. Our Sastri looked charming with a modern crop and with these snows and powders on his face. He ordered flannel, alpaca, china silk, and navy blue suits and coats to be stitched in a Modern Tailor Shop in Mount Road, and never did he miss an opportunity to stir out for a walk to Queen Mary's College. He could not sit quiet without a Gold Flake between his lips after lunch and dinner hours.

Having been thus modernised, he thought it below his dignity if he missed to see some matinee shows in Roxy and Wellington every week. Oh Heavens! he bought a 'Baby Austin' four-seated car. What a happy student!

It was evening. The sun was resting his huge disk upon the horizon, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day and which now assembled on all sides like misfortunes and disasters around a falling monarch. With a mind employed on some agitating topic, our Sastri was going in his car at a record speed of 40 miles an hour, and he could not but lower the speed when he saw a group of College girls coming at a distance. He actually stopped his car till all these young merry maidens passed him.

To his great astonishment and joy, he found a girl running towards his car crying 'Nagarajan, Nagarajan'. She was Sarojini,

his uncle's daughter, reading in the junior Intermediate class in Queen Mary's College. Words cannot describe her beauty: and it is enough to say that before long she had yielded to his entreaties and promised to marry him (with her father's consent) as soon as he took his degree.

* * * * *

'What! Nagarajan! I hear the Principal has detained you in the first class,' cried Sarojini, at the reopening of the College next year.

'I care not a jot for the Principal. My father was saying at the very beginning of my College career that I have a very bad star.' Such were the words of our modernised Nagaraja Sastri.

R. RAMANUJAM,
Class II, Group 3.

Shiva's Dance

" Raghavan, would you mind coming to Roxy now?" asked Jagam.

" Roxy! To Mata Hari, I suppose!"

" Oh dear! How do you know that?" demanded Cheenu.

" What do you mean? Do I not attend theatres? Perhaps I am a little irregular. What's the time now?" asked Raghavan. Jagam raised his left hand, pulled his sleeve up as if to box Raghavan's ears. Then after a few seconds' glance at the dial of the newly bought watch, he replied, " Thirty past four."

" As to the film, is it good or not?" asked Murthy, a native of Thandavapuram. The natives of Thandavapuram are noted for their absent-mindedness. This gentleman, by name, Mr. M. R. S. Murthy, F.S.S.L.C. (Mad.,), was mad over films. These he did not see for himself. He ran through the advertisements about Mata Hari—'The most wonderful film ever shown'—The Ninth Wonder of the World—'Come and enjoy Garbo in her beautiful Shiva's Dance' etc.

"It is not as good as the advertisement, and not worth the trouble it would be to get in—I mean to get a ticket," said Raghavan.

" What! Is it so crowded? You say it is not as good as the advertisement, and yet people are flocking there," said Jagam.

Mr. Raghavan, B.A., F.L. (Mad.), showing the bandage on his leg, said, " Do you see this? This is the prize I got, to buy three nine-annas tickets."

" I say, it is already five, come on," shouted our Thandavapuram gentleman.

Raghavan, murmuring something to himself, followed his friends and got into the car. When Raghavan leaned back on the cushions,

between Murthi and Jagam, he thought himself to be Rosano before Mata Hari. He could not help recalling to his mind Garbo's 'Shiva Dance'.

While Raghavan was thus dreaming about Rosano and Mata, the car stopped near the theatre. Now Jagam woke Raghavan from his dream and our friends got down. The booking-window was closed. There was still an hour to wait. In order to avoid disappointment, our friend Raghavan was posted near the window all alone with his right hand ready to go first into the counter. Then after a few minutes, our other friends formed a sort of semi-circle around him.

Now one after another crowded the window. Raghavan grew impatient. The time was heavy on him. Every minute was a day for him now.

When sufficient people crowded the window, each began trying for the 'trophy'. They played the game well. Each tried to be the first to get the ticket. They determined to win 'The Trophy' at a cost of nine annas and a few buttons from their 'Double Breasts'.

"I say, what's the time now?" cried one Falstaff from the midst of the crowd.

Our Raghavan, a lean, dark, tall, and obliging fellow, with great difficulty peeped into his 'Star Light' and told our new friend, that there was five minutes more to wait.

"Five minutes more! Start," the gun was fired. Each one was pushing the other. Now Raghavan holding the lattice of the window tried to push the crowd backwards. But in his attempt to push backwards, his feet were raised from the ground and were floating in the crowd. In the confusion one gentleman tried to come before Raghavan from between his legs.

There was a sort of 'Fourth Round Table Conference'. Each man was saying something. Jagan was one of the delegates of that Conference. He is a B. Sc. of our University, though not of our College. He, who is to leave for the Continent next March, suggested that it would be better to have 'the Cue System' as they have it in England.

As the 'Round Tablers' were thus discussing various things, the window opened. Now there was perfect silence—no, dead silence. Each of them was trying the 'compressibility and elasticity' of the other. There was a lot of pressure—perhaps more than ten atmospheres. In a little space of about a few square feet, many hundreds crowded. There was,

> Money, money everywhere,
> And not a ticket to be had.

Now the man inside the counter, after adjusting himself properly on the chair, cried out, " Nine annas that side please."

T. V. SUBRAMANIAN,
Class I, Group 2.

The Preparation

It is always my habit to chalk out my programme before I begin anything. And so I wanted to make a programme of work for the Examination. For that purpose I selected an auspicious day and sat at my desk with my pen between my teeth in a philosophical mood. All at once a vision passed over my mind. I wanted to transfer at once those dreams to the paper. Ah! Do you know what happened? Nothing very serious, of course, you may think. But yet considerable for myself, for if I had only found expression for those dreams I would have been by this time taken for a great poet and artist. But, O tragedy! there was no ink in my pen. What an ill-omen! Being of a superstitious nature I postponed the date of fixing the programme for the preparation.

A month passed, during which I met with one obstacle after another. Then I lay down the programme. You know that every orthodox Hindu begins anything by a prayer to Lord Ganesa, that 'Elephant-trunked God'. I also open with the Lord's Prayer. I solemnly vow that I will break fifteen, twenty-five, or fifty cocoa-nuts according as I get first, second or third class in my pass in the B.A. Degree Examination. Do you think that I am foolish for having put the least number of cocoanuts to the highest achievement? The apparent foolishness can be explained by the following bit of my autobiography.

The year before last, just at this same time, I was preparing for the Inter Examinations. Then my bargain was like this: fifteen for pass, twenty-five for first class, and fifty for 4 distinctions with a class. The results were published. I found to my utter disappointment on the one hand and utmost surprise on the other that Lord Ganesa was most ungreedy. I secured just an ordinary pass. Being a Mathematics student I concluded that he always prefers the least. Hence it is that I reverse the order this time.

The first item in my programme is to have a detailed study of Burke's Selections by Mr. A. M. D. Hughes, having Mr. P. Ramanathan's notes as an aid. In spite of the advice of one of my learned lecturers I adopt my usual practice of studying texts—the text in one hand and the notes in the other. Anybody seeing me in that posture of reading may readily be convinced that I am a typical type of student whom Mr. Z— picturesquely enough drew one day,

I turn the pages. I mechanically pass over the pages until I reach that page wherein begins Burke's rhetorical speech on 'The peoples under British Rule' where my hand halts. I then justify myself that the spirit of patriotism which now-a-days is filling the whole atmosphere of this country has at least an influence over my hand though not my mind. I go through the speech.

I have not finished. I am not destined to finish. What has happened? All of a sudden I hear a whirring sound, something like that of an aeroplane flying far away. Soon the 'vagrant intruders' make their appearance. They are none else than a collection of cockroaches. I think none (or at least not many) of my readers have experienced that scene. It is indeed pitiable to sit in the midst of such an assemblage of nasty creatures darting from one end to the other. The sensation produced when they sit upon you is undefinable. Take me for a coward or anything. I cannot find patience to sit in such an atmosphere. Do you know what I do? I heroically shut up my book, put out the light, and stretch myself in my bed, covering my body from head to foot by a long shawl. Having closed my eyes and somewhat satisfied myself that I am free from those meddlesome creatures I pray to Lord Ganesa promising to break a cocoanut next morning if he would be pleased to thwart all the vignās (impediments) for his name's (Vigneswara or *one-who-thwarts-all-the-dangers*) sake.

K. RAJA RAM,
Class IV, Group 2 B (b).

A Brain-wave

The typist who talked about Thomas Remington Macaulay stirred in me a 'brain-wave.' And if this article escapes the wastepaper basket you are likely to know how I was stirred.

On behalf of many persons I say it is a fact that Madras English is not up to the standard and taste of the Europeans. 'Head-breaking and tar-melting sun,' however oriental in its imagery, does not impress our English staff. "This is the sort of good English which always breaks my heart," vociferates Mr. Boyd. I have over-seen Mr. Macphail in his closet weeping over composition papers containing 'oxes, mouses and wifes' (an inhuman plurality of animals). And if I remember right it was Mr. Martin who seriously prayed, 'Oh God! save us from literary murderers as you save us from literal cut-throats'. It seems that a graduate (hatched in the latter half of 1932) went to College House to meet Mr. Martin. When they met, our blooming graduate declared that he came there simply to 'saw' his old professor. The genial professor sat suspicious till the fellow took his leave and

then relieved himself saying, 'An honest boy; but all his virtues cannot save him from (grammatical) criminality!' Those who pick up English by the way (and not in the College, by writing compositions) belong to a genial type. One excruciatingly mortifying case is that of a fat man who was squatting on the ground floor of a building with a book in his hand. He could not be persuaded to go up. He had intuitively construed the 'Binding Works Undertaken' to be an injunction strictly forbidding any mortal to venture upstairs.

Still funnier are those who overhear some English by accident and hasten to deliver it with a studied air in less enlightened circles. This piece of literature too is absorbed with attention worthy of better things! The Tamil proverb says that the stutterer is a Tully to the dumb.

P. KRISHNAMURTI,
Class IV, Group 3.

News of the Old Boys

[An old student of the College (1914–19), Mr. Sri Rama Iyengar, B.A., L.T., of Pithapuram, who was watching the football match between present and former students on February 9th, was reminded by it of his own days at College, and next day wrote the following interesting reminiscences. We thank him for them, and wish that some more old students would follow his excellent example!—*Editor.*]

OUR COLLEGE SOCCER TWO DECADES AGO.

The other day I saw a match between our College 'Past' and 'Present' advertised in connection with the 'Commemoration Day' and this brought back to my mind players of our own days. Due to the solicitude of our University and the absence of Tutorial Colleges in those days, I had the privilege of staying in the College for five years, from 1914 to 1919, and I can say with pride that I never missed a match which our College played. So I can speak with first-hand knowledge about our soccer stars of those 'good old days'.

I will begin at the end—the goal. When I came into the College, the funny old fellow 'Joe', a doctor I think now, had just left and his reputation as a goalie was overshadowed by M. C. Cherian, who was on all hands admitted to be the best goalkeeper. Barring Harvey, of the Engineering College, none could, or can stand comparison with him as a custodian of the best order. He is now a Professor in the Agricultural College, and Doubting Thomases can make personal enquiries. He had a very efficient understudy in M. Sreeraman, who used to curse the uniform good health of Cherian. But now and then fever did make Cherian also forego a match or two in favour of the tufted youngster who never disgraced himself. He is now a teacher and still plays footer.

In the back line we had three men, though one of them, Desikacharry, now in the *Madras Mail* office, on account of a broken collar-bone, made rare appearances. Our regular backs were the giants, Parthasarathy and Ananthu. The latter is a lawyer and the former the Vice-Principal of Mrs. A. V. N. College at Vizag. They were towers of strength and as their appearance would suggest, put in solid work.

We had an equally efficient half-back line and especially Niranjan Raj Urs, now in the Mysore Government Service, was our star performer. He played centre-half and was a host in himself, for while keeping the forwards going he was equally on the alert to ward off the attack. He had for some time Ghani to aid him on one wing and the dogged and determined Mathai on the other. After Ghani left us, Nannukutti Nair filled the vacancy, and this trio was a terrible phalanx of defence.

The forwards were a varying factor. As long as Venkatasubbayya was the Secretary, he and his brother Adinarayanayya (Adi) had to be

included in the team. Sometimes Adi was useful for he had a trick or two to fetch us many free kicks. P. N. Ramachandran, now of 'Oriental' fame and in the Religious Endowment Board office, was given a chance now and then. But later on he became our regular half-back and a useful one too. In the left extreme played Sha Alam, whom no one would take for a footballer. He was so thin that he never dared to appear in a jersey or shorts. With his long pyjamas and loose Muslim shirt, he was often carried away by the wind. But his shots from the left were always a source of anxiety to our opponents. His place was later taken up by Govinda Rao. Among the inner men the most forcible and effective was Dorai (P. Doraiswamy, now of Madras Police) who had a style of his own in evading the defence and sending stinging shots into the goal. In Ambrose we had a trickster and dribbler of a very high order. We used to think that he either glued the ball on to his feet or held the loose end of the lace in his toes and carried it between his feet. He had no shot to talk of, but he glided on to the goal, though he often failed to score. For a pretty long time, nay till he left us, Prof. Templeton ably led our team. He played centre forward, and with his inimitable footwork, and the judicious and unselfish passes he sent, our team was certain to win. We had a 'Mail Runner' in F. Jaganathan, now a rotund, bald-headed legal practitioner, and his speed and long drops from the right extreme were brilliant.

In those days our High School fellows also helped to strengthen our team. The pick of them were Hemadri, 'the black gem,' who could fit in either at back, half or forward, and Nilakantan Nair, 'the war horse,' who was all muscle and no bone. Hemu was the best fellow on and off the field. Nilakantan I saw the other day behind the money order counter in a post-office and with his old genial laugh he offered to give me a M. O. free!

Among the 'non-combatants' was prominent Mahdi Ali, now a 'roaring' lawyer. He invariably volunteered to be a linesman during our matches and no wonder that sometimes he forgot to wave the flag. To our opponents it looked as if he did it wantonly, but he was too good a sport to do that. But it must be admitted that he ran along the line encouraging our players with loud cries of 'shoot,' 'kick,' and 'dash.'

Those were 'good old days.' Our General Secretaries, Profs. Armstrong and Tait, used to lend us encouragement by being present during all our fixtures. Even Dr. Skinner would give a word of praise in the open class, to our players.

I happened to see a 'present' boy, Thomas, play against the I. F. A. the other day, and I must admit that he is as good as the 'old guns.'

SRI RAMA IYENGAR.

Reviews

The Mysore Tribes and Castes, Vol. IV. By the late H. V. Nanjundayya, C.I.E., and Rao Bahadur L. K. Ananthakrishna Iyer. Published under the auspices of the Mysore University, Mysore, 1931. (Pp. viii. and 677. Rs. 12-8-0 or 20*s.*)

This volume, describing forty-three of the Mysore tribes and castes, is a continuation of Vol. III of the series reviewed in the September issue of this journal. The ethnographic survey of the State concludes with this volume, and we are eagerly awaiting the publication of the first volume which will contain Rao Bahadur L. K. Ananthakrishna Iyer's observations on the ethnology of the Mysore country.

The longer essays included in this volume are on the Kurubas, the Lingayats, and the Mussalmans with their sub-sects as the Bohras, Mahdavias and Memans. The account of the Kurubas is almost monographic in thoroughness, and much interesting information is now made available for the first time about this very important tribe to students of South Indian culture. In the essay on the Lingayats the authors have indented rather heavily upon the *Hastings' Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* and Enthoven's *Castes and Tribes of Bombay*, a procedure which we cannot commend, as we consider an independent enquiry would have been more useful and enabled us to verify the mass of facts already in our possession on Virasaivism. As the literature on Mussalmans in South India is rather scanty, we are glad to have the essays on Muslim sects in Mysore, contributed by learned members thereof. We cannot agree with the reviewer in the *Hindu* Educational and Literary Supplement (October 24, 1932) who thinks that the essay on the Mussalmans is too general to be included in an ethnographic survey of Mysore. Among the shorter essays are interesting accounts of the Kadu Kurubas and Sholigas (hill-tribes); Mahrattas and Ladars (immigrants); the Nattuvans (an occupational caste of dancers composed of people drawn from many different sources); and the Māleru, a very curious caste made up of outcast Brahmans.

The same general plan is followed in the description of each of the castes as was done in the previous two volumes. Interesting myths of origin of many of the castes reveal how anxious they are to claim their descent from exalted divine beings, Siva and his consort Parvati being specially favoured as the first parents. The ceremonials that punctuate the life of the individual as well as of the group are next described in broad outlines, as minuter details are beyond the

scope of a survey work. Social organisation receives a rather fuller treatment and in giving carefully-made lists of clan-names under all the major castes, the authors have done distinct service to the Science of Man; one only wishes that the scientific names of the plants after which many of the septs have been named, had been carefully noted to facilitate comparative study. Rules regulating divorce and re-marriage of widows, recorded for every caste, are also an interesting feature of this volume. One cannot fail to observe how, with the progress of time, each caste tried to place more and more barriers in the way of widow remarriage, the first step being to deprive such marriages of ceremonial dignity and splendour, next to degrade the status of children born of widow marriage, and finally, before banning widow marriage completely, to segregate the off-spring of widows under a separate sub-caste label—all tragic attempts to approach an absurd norm of culture set up by the higher castes!

Many curious customs are found recorded in the pages of this volume and a few may be cited here by way of illustration. (1) From the Māleru of the western Malnad area we get a quaint theory of death. Death among them is caused by some devil-thief in the custody of a neighbour stealing the soul, which has to be released by the relatives of the deceased man offering the custodian of the devil-thief a fat pig, and is thereafter 'domiciled in a pot which is periodically supplied with water and nourishment'. (2) Sacrificial offering of the ring and little fingers of the right hand used to be made to their god Bhairedevaru by Morasu Okkalu women. This kind of offering had a very wide distribution in South India. At present the Morasu Okkalu women are satisfied with tying a flower to the tips of the fingers and chopping off the flower instead of the finger in the presence of the deity,—an instance of ceremonial substitution. (3) Many of the lower tribes are mildly proselytising. The Kumbaras and the Medars are not averse to admitting members of the higher castes into their own folds, the *suddhi* or purificatory ceremony consisting mainly in branding the subject's tongue. (4) Among the Muskin Mallavas women are excommunicated if they carry water on the head, as the rule is that they should carry it only on their waist.

Some slight errors due to defective proof-reading have crept in here and there. Botanical names are mutilated in several instances (*Pongemia* for *Pongamia*, *Chrusanthimum* for *Chrysanthemum*, *achryranthis aspira* for *Achyranthus aspera*). Some Canarese expressions are printed in the vernacular without any translation or transliteration. The absence of any system in transliteration is likely to land readers not familiar with Canarese in difficulties in many places.

But for these slight blemishes the book leaves little to be desired. The careful arrangement of the matter and the marginal headings

highly facilitate reference. The seventy-one plates illustrating the book make it quite attractive.

Government Museum, Madras. A. AIYAPPAN.

An Idealist View of Life. (The Hibbert Lectures for 1929). By Sir S. Radhakrishnan. (George Allen and Unwin. Pp. 351. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

One of the marked characteristics of our times is declared to be the lack of any kind of total view. The present volume comes from Sir S. Radhakrishnan's lucid pen, and is a defence of the philosophic ideal of wholeness. Our very unrest is a tribute to the rights of the Ideal. 'Ideal values are the dynamic forces, the driving power of the Universe.' In an instructive chapter, the author examines the various proposed substitutes for religion,—Naturalistic Atheism, Agnosticism, Humanism, and Pragmatism. Naturalism makes too great a draft on our credulity when it pictures Nature as somehow blossoming forth into Ideals. We cannot treat values out of relation to the Cosmos. The Humanism which reduces our Ideals to mere provincialisms of our planet is not likely to commend itself to the religious man.

The psychological studies of Ames, Durkheim, and Ericksen, have shown the importance of the social approach to religion; but the social factor is apt to be over-emphasized in these days. Sir S. Radhakrishnan insists that religion must vindicate itself as an autonomous phase of our experience. The mystic may appear to neglect the values of the non-mystic, but he does so because he feels this is the surest way of conserving them.

The term 'intuition' in the West has been understood in different senses by philosophers of different schools—by Descartes, Spinoza, Pascal, Kant, Hegel, Bergson and Croce. The author sympathetically reviews these interpretations and attempts to appraise the significance of *Anubhava* and *Prajñā* in Indian thought. Intuition is a valid mode of knowing; there is no break of continuity between intellect and intuition. Creative intuition enters into Science, Art and Morals. Religion is a total attitude—the intuitive affirmation of life's highest values.

The author devotes a chapter to the elucidation of the concepts of Matter, Life, and Mind. The suggestion is advanced that the kind of correlation needed for biological and psychological phenomena is different from that needed for physical phenomena. Empirical personality is a physically and socially conditioned emergent. But the self as subject must be metaphysically conceived as continuous with a spiritual environment. The author's defence of Karma proceeds on the lines already indicated in his *Hindu View of Life*. Karma is not so much

a principle of retribution as one of continuity. One doubt, however, is likely to suggest itself to the reader. If we cannot systematically see in the suffering of others the consequences of past misdeeds, and if for a narrow solidarity we substitute a spiritual membership, have we not transformed the doctrine of immanent justice into something more elusive? The mechanism of rebirth is confessedly difficult to know. The author does not improve upon Dr. McTaggart's suggestion that souls 'Somehow steer their way back to a suitable rebirth'.

'Ultimate Reality' engages our attention in the last chapter. The Holism of Smuts and the Emergentism of S. Alexander fail to satisfy us as interpretations of ultimate reality. Dr. Whitehead's *Process and Reality* supplies what is lacking in Evolutionism—a metaphysical ground for the creativity of Nature. Sir S. Radhakrishnan insists that Reality must justify the religious attitude of worship towards it. It need not, however, be interpreted in exclusively theistic terms. 'While God is organically bound up with the Universe, the Absolute is not' (p. 343). God is the Absolute from the human point of view. But is Philosophy incapable of conceiving the Absolute in warmer tones? The title of the book leads us to expect that it contains a sympathetic treatment of 'progress in fruition'. In this we are disappointed. The author thinks that 'progress in fruition' is merely the restatement of a problem. Perfection belongs to another dimension than the ethical (p. 310).

Sir S. Radhakrishnan's angle of approach to the problem of religious experience is suggestive. It is safe to predict that the book will command the success of its predecessors.

C. T. KRISHNAMACHARI.

Selections from Tukaram. Edited by Wilbur Stone Deming, Ph.D. (Christian Literature Society. Pp. viii and 238. Rs. 2.)

Sir Alexander Grant, in a passage quoted in the book before us, wrote: 'If intense personal religion can be found anywhere, it can be found in Tukaram. It is impossible to avoid comparing his songs with the psalms of David. They are the natural expression of a mind holding constant communion with God, poured out like the notes of a bird, in all the occasions and various moods of life.' The intensity and purity of the longing for God, in this seventeenth-century Maratha *Sudra*, are charmingly matched by the vividness and homeliness of his imagery, a trait for which Dr. Deming aptly compares him with the American Whittier (another comparison that offers itself is with the Hebrew prophet Hosea). So far as influence goes, Tukaram probably

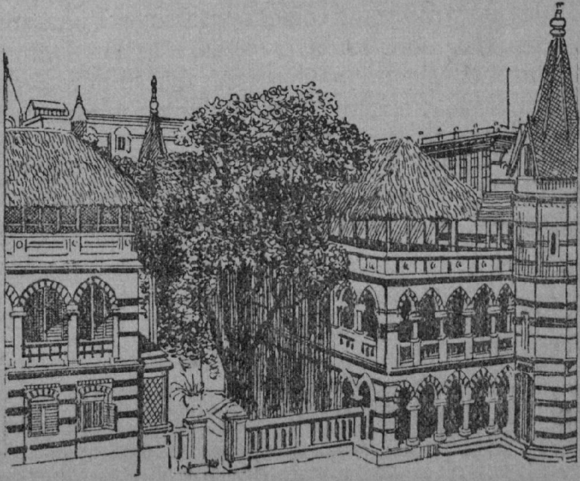
stands second to none (unless perhaps Kabir) among the religious poets of modern India.

It is strange therefore that there should have been so far no easily accessible selection in English, from his many writings. The anthologies include many of his poems: Macnicol, in his 'Psalms of the Maratha Saints', has seventy-six; Appasamy, in 'Temple Bells', has thirty-nine. But it is different somehow to have Tukaram by himself, and there is certainly room for a book such as Dr. Deming's. Here again we have only a selection,—less than five hundred out of the four or five thousand *abhangs* which go by Tukaram's name. But for most people, five hundred will be enough for daily use: and for reference, there are always the big complete editions in the public libraries.

Dr. Deming's selection is made from the three-volume work made by J. N. Fraser and K. B. Marathe, the translation being slightly changed in places. He contributes a brief and unpretentious account of the man and the poet,—for which he acknowledges his indebtedness to the *Life* by J. N. Fraser and J. F. Edwards,—and a short glossary of the words and names, Marathi or Sanskrit, which are merely transliterated in the text. The selections are arranged according to subject, and a special index gives full references to the Fraser-Marathe and the *Indu-Prakash* editions—both out of print now—and to V. N. Joag's edition of the Marathi original.

The book is well printed on good paper and well bound, and has pretty illustrations by Miss Warren. For form as well as contents, it is excellent value.

THE HOSTELS



Fenn Hostel

The long-postponed excursion came off on 17th November, the venue being Ennore. We left the hostel at about 7 a.m. and arrived at Ennore about an hour later. The bungalow was soon reached, after a jolly trudge of about a mile—made more jolly because the Second Students' Home had chosen the very same day and place for their excursion, too.

Once there, the way time flew was astonishing, so that the call to lunch came as a surprise. However, an excellent repast is not to be scoffed at, and we all did ample justice to the meal. After the meal, there was boating, bathing and—but why multiply the list of those activities, which may not interest all?

Well, to put it shortly, we had a ripping time. Our thanks are due to our warden for the great care he took of us (he was very sceptical about the advantages of sea-bathing) and for his well-timed humour, which kept us all in good spirits.

After tea, we trudged back to the railway station, a trudge that seemed distinctly wearisome. The day had come and gone, we

scarcely knew how; and now we were going back to the dull routine of ordinary life.

We have had two new members this term, and we hope they will find themselves at home here. But as if to counterbalance the addition, three have left, so that we are really one poorer!

Marriage seems to be contagious. Following the example of Mr. Sheik Mathar, another of our members, Mr. K. T. Cheru, has got married during the vacation. He gave us all a treat in honour of the occasion.

Mr. V. N. Brahmanandam, the baby of our hostel, is still the baby, but he is threatening to outgrow his infantile outfit, thanks to the 'extras' he still assiduously orders.

That is all that there is of interest, except that we hope to have our Staff At Home, Mittai Meeting, etc. next month. Committees have been appointed for these functions, and they have already begun work.

J. SAMUEL RAJ,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall

3rd December, 1932, was a gala day for the members of Caithness Hall. It was the 29th anniversary celebration of the hostel. A festive appearance prevailed everywhere and even very early in the morning the members were ready to join the festival.

At 8 a.m. in the Library Hall, Mr. A. Rangaswamy Iyengar, Editor of the *Hindu*, unveiled the photo of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya presented by the present members of the hostel. On behalf of the College Senatus the Rev. J. R. Macphail accepted the photo. The meeting was then adjourned to 4 p.m.

At 4 p.m. the members, guests and the College Staff met at a delightful tea party. Covers were laid for about two hundred guests. After tea, the gathering adjourned to the hall and met under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg, the Principal. The secretary read the report of the hostel, followed by the 'Chronicle' in which the lighter aspects of the hostel life were recorded by an 'Observer'. The audience were then entertained at an acting of 'Confusion to Pompous', an English play, and some select humorous scenes from Telugu and Tamil plays. The president in his concluding remarks carried the audience back to the days of 1903, when the hostel was almost completing its present shape, and said everything in praise of the hostel and its traditions. Mrs. Hogg distributed the prizes for the winners in the various competitions held in connection with the Hostel

Day. With a 'Happy Good Night' proposed by the secretary the function came to a close.

We are sorry to note that our superintendent is leaving us on furlough early in April. We wish him *bon voyage* and hope he will be back as a family gentleman among us next year.

R. B. V. SUDARSANA VARMA,
Secretary.

Second Students' Home

We had an excursion to Ennore on 19th November 1932. Mr. G. C. Martin was with us, and it was a happy coincidence that the members of the Fenn Hostel chose the same date and the same place for their excursion. It was a very enjoyable one. We had a pleasant sea bath in spite of the rough sea. Some of us who are good rowers had boating trips. We had many boat races, and some adventures too. After spending a happy day, we started back on our journey home.

Our Hostel Day was celebrated on 10th December 1932. Mrs. S. J. Theodore, B.A., presided on the occasion. We enacted two plays, one in English and the other in Tamil. There were many other interesting items too—by items we mean intellectual ones, for example ventriloquism, songs, etc. With a hearty vote of thanks by the Secretary the function came to a close.

Our Hostel is getting on O.K.

P. D. SIVASUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

The Students' Home

The third and final term has begun. The hostel looked old and seemed to express some feeling for its fast approaching separation from the senior members. The senior members are busy and worried; busy to prepare for the examination and worried for losing the company of Cohen and Kelley, Laurel and Hardy.

I need not say again that the members are having a good time as they used to have before, in the dining hall, etc. Let men come and go; they don't care. There are many philosophers in our hostel and as a result many schools of thought are existing here. One school says that men like to eat; another says that men are for sleeping; still another says that they are born to read and read till they forget what

they have read; but no reasonable thought has yet come into existence in our hostel. Recently some of our members have become aristocrats and the chief character they have acquired is taciturnity. In addition to all these there is a band of adventurous young men, who, one day, brought down a honeycomb in our garden with mighty efforts and squeezed out an ounce of honey which satisfied all of us. Two of the U. T. C. members paraded in uniform to frighten and chase the poor bees.

The secretary is irrelevant now-a-days due to nothing. The games' secretary is lazy and he is planning to finish off the inter-hostel football tournament at least by the end of March. The other committee member is a staunch philosopher. He always thinks of the future; the various complications and changes we are going to have in the hostel and in the other world. During the later period of our garden superintendent's regime the garden has turned brown and entered its declining days. Our night superintendent was dismissed owing to the new senatus rules. The guest superintendent is a God-fearing man. The mess committee is sound and healthy. The present mess convener is a jolly good adventurous man like Robinson Crusoe and tries all kinds of new items in the menu.

The hostel day was celebrated on the 4th of February. It was indeed a very happy day. Many old members were present that day. M.R.Ry. Y. Rajagopalarao Garu presided on the occasion. We had tea at 4 o'clock and at 5.30 p.m. the meeting was started with prayer by Mr. Narayanarao. The toast to the college was given by Mr. Amritarao to which Mr. Kibble replied in a fitting manner. The toast to the old members was given by the secretary to which Mr. Balakrishnamurthy gave an interesting reply. After this a scene from 'Prataparudreeyam' (a Telugu drama) was acted. Mr. Sreenivasarao who took the washerman's character is very proud of his efficient acting. The English drama ('Luck of Troy') was also a successful one. Mr. Ratnaswamy thinks that he is real Odysseus, but for his physical strength. Nestor looks really old even after the drama. The servant Phedius had no manners. The musician is proud of his singing because it could please only Diomede. As an ordinance was passed to prevent the future damage and disrespect of some of our distinguished members, we dropped the hostel bulletin, which was the most interesting piece in the whole programme, to the disappointment of all the old members. At the end the president gave an interesting speech about the hostel life and various other amusing topics. The function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by our manager.

The whole success of the hostel day was chiefly due to Mr. Kibble and Mr. Purushotham. We offer our sincere thanks to Mr.

Kibble our ex-superintendent for contributing Rs. 4 towards the Hostel Day function and above all for the personal help he rendered to us. We are also greatly indebted to Mr. Purushotham for the great trouble he has taken during our rehearsals and for his kind and inestimable help.

In conclusion, we are all moving like the members of a well-managed family. We started happily and are ending equally well.

We came to know that Dr. and Mrs. Hogg and Mr. Macphail would be going on furlough at the end of this year. All our members wish them a happy voyage and time at home.

V. SATYANARAYANA MURTY,
Secretary.

The Rangiah Chetty Hostel

It was with great joy that we celebrated our hostel day on the 28th of January 1933, under the presidency of Mr. J. P. Manikkam, M.A., L.T., our former superintendent. One of the main features of the function was the unveiling of the portrait of the late Rev. Dr. W. Meston, M.A., D.D., D.Litt. (whose service to the college and to the hostels is very well-known) by the Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg, M.A., D.Litt.

We are approaching the end of the academic year and all the members are busy preparing for the fast approaching examinations. We wish all those who are appearing for the university examinations a distinguished success and also a bright future career.

On behalf of the senior members who will be leaving the hostel at the end of this year we wish to convey to the junior members and to all those who are connected with the hostel, that they will be for ever in the memory of those who are leaving the hostel and that the leaving members will never forget the happy days that they spent here in an atmosphere of love and friendship.

We understand that Dr. and Mrs. Hogg are going on furlough at the end of this year and on behalf of the members of our hostel we take this opportunity of wishing them a comfortable voyage, a happy time at home and a speedy return to the midst of our students again.

S. SITARAMAN,
Secretary.

Societies

The History Students' Union

The Union has been very active since the class representatives, who are members of the Executive Committee, were elected on 24th November.

The following are the Committee members elected:—

Mr. P. Sambamurthy	....	.... *Hons. Class*
,, K. P. Phalgunan	....	.... *Class IV*
,, R. Vedagiri	....	... ,, *III*
,, J. D. Manickam	...	.... ,, *II*
,, K. S. Ramachandran	....	.... ,, *I*

Four meetings have been held till now and it is expected to hold four more ordinary meetings and an Annual Day of the Union before the end of this term. The attendance at these meetings is encouraging and the members take a keen interest in the discussions.

The first meeting was presided over by Mr. F. E. Corley, when Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer delivered an interesting lecture on 'The Study of History'. The second meeting under the presidency of Mr. Titus Varghese was very lively since Mr. R. Vedagiri's speech on 'How far India constitutes a Nation' evoked a keen and fighting discussion. Additional speakers at the meeting were so numerous that the president did not allow any supplementary speech after 5 o'clock. Messrs. E. J. Bingle and K. M. Cherian presided over the third and fourth meetings respectively when the subjects, viz., 'Press and Public Opinion' (by Mr. J. Samuel Raj, Hons. IV) and 'Caste System' (by Mr. K. P. Phalgunan, Class IV) were dealt with.

On the whole the resurrection of the History Union this year and its activities have been a great success. Our endeavour now is to show that the Union which was dead during the last few years has now returned to life and that it has been more active than any other association in this college.

A. C. VERGHESE,

Secretary.

Literary Society

The Intermediate Literary Society commenced its activities early in August. The first meeting was held on the first of August when the office-bearers for the year were elected. Mr. R. Bakthavathsulu

of Class II was elected Secretary, Mr. E. L. Ramanathan Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Rama Rao as the representative of Class I. Four meetings were held during the first term. Mr. Gavin C. Martin presided over the first, the Rev. A. J. Boyd over the second, Mr. Cherian over the third, and Mr. H. R. Mills over the fourth. The subjects discussed were as follows:—'Is the caste system an insuperable barrier to Indian National Unity?', 'The advantages of Libraries', 'National Education', 'Physical Culture'. Unfortunately during the second term not a single meeting was held. But we hope to have at least six meetings during this term.

R. BAKTHVATHSULU,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

The second term work of this society began in right earnest, with a visit to the Government Horticultural Gardens, on 16th November. Mr. M. S. Sabesan, followed by a happy band of students, made a searching study of the interesting plants. One of the old students of our college, now an employee in the gardens, helped us in indentifying some strange plants and we are thankful to him.

On the evening of 28th November, an interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao of the Presidency College, on "Grasses and their Economical Importance", illustrated with lantern slides. Mr. B. Bonnel presided over the function. The lecture was of educative value and the members were immensely benefited.

On 12th December 1932 Mr. N. N. Murthy, PH.D., D.I.C., delivered a lecture on 'Community Life in Animals'. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan presided. Both the lecturer and president dealt with the subject in an impressive, instructive and fascinating manner.

The last meeting of the term was held on 14th December, when Mr. Eipe (V Hons.) took the chair and Mr. K. S. Sarangapani, one of our young friends, came forward with a studied discourse on "Living Lights". It was well done and we congratulate the 'infant Linnæus' on his success though it was his maiden effort. Mr. P. S. Sadasivam of Class III spoke about phosphorescence in the vegetable kingdom. The society hopes that many will follow suit and make the activities of the society interesting and lively.

The scheme of the society is much more, but owing to the lack of proper response and harmonious co-operation from the juniors and the fast approaching University Examinations, the 'enthusiastic' seniors are less active—the work must be carried on with redoubled vigour, by the rising generation.

The Natural History Society expresses its thanks to Messrs. K. V. Veerapandian and T. Jaganathan of class IV for their collections, brought from home.

A. M. SAMBANDAM,
Secretary.

The Karnataka Bhashabhivardhani Sangham

Early during this short term we held a debate on the subject, 'Female Higher Education,' Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T., presiding. A number of students participated in the discussion with differing opinions. A majority of the gathering opposed Higher Education. The president concluded the meeting with a short speech.

Since we have a short period before us, we hope to have one more meeting before we break up.

P. P. KARUMBAYYA,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

The association went on as happily as before. We had a good number of meetings. The only drawback was, that we had no drama this year, as was the custom all the years, owing to some unforeseen circumstances.

The following resolution was passed last term at a meeting of the Managing Committee:—

'Resolved that the sum of Rupees two hundred and fifty four, annas ten only, deposited with the Bursar by the Sangham, be offered to the College Council as a further endowment to the "Rajagopala Rao" prize fund for the purpose of endowing two Prizes in Telugu for the third and fourth College classes respectively.'

We wish the Association all prosperity.

B. SUBRAMANYAM,
Secretary.

College Brotherhood: Social Service Section

The work of the Social Service Section has been a bit slack this term. Since the University Examination is fast approaching students are very busy preparing for the same. But yet the Hospital Visiting is going on without a break.

The Brotherhood Dispensary located in the Second Students' Home is not attracting any patients since it is very far from the Harbour. Hence it has been decided to buy a hand-cart in which the

medicines can be placed and which can be dragged from place to place by Volunteers. This is a novel idea on which the Brotherhood has launched and it is hoped that this will be very successful.

The year is coming to a close and many of us may be separated after the College closes. But I request everyone of the Brotherhood to think of the happy days he has spent with his friends working for the Brotherhood, and whenever he does so it will be a pleasure to him and at the same time it will bring before him all his friends though they are far apart.

Wishing all the Members good luck in the Examination,

R. C. SUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

The Brotherhood: Excursion to Mahabalipuram

It was with much anxiety we were watching the setting sun on Friday the 10th of February. It was a full moon day. A band of about thiry-five people assembled near the main entrance to the College. People of all views were in that noble band. There were Botanists, Zoologists, Physicists, all assembled together with 'exploration' as their main object.

We got into the bus at about 8-15 p.m. and reached Lattice Bridge at 9-30 p.m. There a boat was waiting for us and that was the finest of the kind available there. We were on board the 'steamer' very soon and it left the place at about 10-30.

The boat was very slow moving. The man who was pulling the rope attached to one end was practically sleeping and he only carried the rope. We had a very pleasant time in the boat that night. Most of the people were engaged in playing at cards. People 'downstairs' were very comfortable. It was like a choultry inside and the hot expired air helped some of our friends to keep themselves warm. People on the 'top floor' felt it rather uncomfortable. They were afraid that they might roll down. Then they would have been none the worse for it, for would they not have bathed in the sacred waters of the Buckingham Canal and been absolved of their sins. Mr. Norman, the sole representative of the Hons. classes, when questioned whether he was comfortable expressed that he would be quite comfortable if he was sure he would not roll down. Perhaps his fear kept him from sleeping.

'Heavy Weight Champions', persons with some serious trouble in their hip joints, people who could not boldly start out in a storm without great personal risk, got down from the boat and walked some distance. They wanted to meet with some adventure. A 'holiday

trip' is not worth making at all if we do not have any adventure. Our enthusiastic adventurers were much profited. Their feet went deep down into the mud, and when they pulled them out, they were found to be wearing grey 'woollen socks'. But they did not pay a pie for their socks.

The day dawned while we were yet in the boat. Preparations for chota began at 5 a.m. and we had our *chota* at 9 a.m.

At last we reached Mahabalipuram at about 11-30. From there we walked to the choultry. Some people said they were half-dead while others said they were only one-fourth alive; but the spirit in us was quite active and alive.

After a plunge into the sea we adjourned for breakfast at 3. We then left to see places of real interest. Mr. Joshua acted as our cicerone, but he did not want any 'tips'. We very much admired the wonderful pieces of Indian architecture, and naturally the thought of the skill of the people who had cut such fine figures some centuries ago with crude instruments, came to our mind. The whole temple cut out of one single rock kept every one of us dumb with admiration. The figures that are cut on the rocks are true to Nature.

Camera men had a very busy time. Many photographs were taken. Mr. Norman who had a great curiosity to sit on an elephant had his curiosity satisfied when he sat on the huge elephant cut out of rock and he was photographed along with his pet by our guide and leader Mr. Joshua.

We felt very tired after climbing hills. After seeing all the pagodas we started to the choultry. We had our night meal at about 7-30 and being very tired, we had a sound sleep.

The next morning (Sunday morning), we did not do much. We walked a distance of about two miles along the sea-shore to see the Tiger's Cave, and after taking a photograph of that, we returned. We were much disappointed when we were told that we could not go to Tirukalukundram owing to the exorbitant fare demanded by jutka men.

It was proposed that we should leave for Madras at 3; but it was 5-30 p.m. when the boat moved. Every one of us was very hungry and we had our night meal on the bank, a few miles away from Mahabalipuram. After a quiet night we reached Lattice Bridge in the morning and from there we walked to Adyar and took the bus there, and reached Madras at 9-30 in the morning. We felt very sleepy in the class and most of us did not attend the College on Monday morning.

S. KRISHNAMACHARI.

English Honours Association

The following papers were read during ordinary meetings of the Association:—

Mr. B. S. Dandapani—'*Keats's Romanticism.*'

,, L. C. Richard—'*Modern Drama.*'

On the 16th of November, Prof. Norman read a paper on 'The Significance of the Works of Alfred the Great'. The paper was well appreciated by the audience.

Miss Hilda F. Hume, Professor of English, Women's Christian College, delivered an interesting lecture on Wednesday, 15th February, under the auspices of the Association. The subject was 'Present-day Tendencies of Drama'. There was a good attendance and the lecture was followed by an interesting discussion.

All the meetings were well attended. The College term is coming to a close and the activities of the Association seem to have ended with the earnest desire to resume again early in the next academic year.

K. G. BHASKARAN,
Secretary.

Athletics

Basket Ball

It was with much regret that we learnt that the only Basket Ball Tournament in the city was to be held during our Christmas vacation. Since ours was the only College that opened so late in the year all the efforts of the Physical Director to defer the tournament were vain. We cannot forget this disappointment when we consider the ability of our players who were growing stronger and stronger match by match, as evinced in the games that we played during the last term.

But as usual the field is full, and the College rightly deserves the thanks of the students for the introduction of this game among so many others.

P. P. KARUMBAYYA,
Captain.

Tennis

The club has been running as smoothly as a well-oiled machine so far. Last term the number of our members was very small, many having left because the rainy season was approaching. But this term we have attracted many more who, although they know very little of the game, are still very enthusiastic about it.

The Presidency College Tournament began with the reopening of the College. Mr. Ramamurti represented our College for Singles and he combined with Mr. Sundaram for Doubles. In Singles we met Teachers' College in the first round, which we won after a gruelling match. In the 2nd round we met the Law College and lost. In Doubles we lost to Law College in the second round, after having beaten the Engineers in the first. Quite a creditable performance for our inexperienced players, I should think. Law College won both tournaments.

If a man's game be judged by the amount of enthusiasm he has, our players would claim to be the Tildens and Borotras of the world. Their enthusiasm knows no bounds. Only the other day one of our freshers, after having served six double faults in his two consecutive service games, complained that Tennis was no game for men, and that he was going to take up some other game, which called for real strength and agility. "For instance, take shuttle-cock," he said. "There's a man's game. Not merely hacking at a ball, trying to throw it on the other side of a net." His opponent, who was really

very enthusiastic about Tennis, consoled the complaining beginner by losing two games merely on double faults.

We have players, and players. Some of our players believe that when an enthusiastic beginner watches a champion playing, his game auto-suggestively improves. These people go every day and watch the Italians playing. Others, who think that the greater the number of sets we play the better our game, come to the courts at two in the afternoon and leave at seven in the evening. They would even play at midnight, if it were allowed. Mr. K.—— and Mr. G.—— are firm believers in the above. There is still another group of players who would give five years of their lives to cultivate a good style. They do not want to win; they, as it were, play to the gallery. Mr. S.—— deserves to be mentioned in this respect.

Our College Tournaments will begin shortly. Everybody is training hard. Many people are trying to get into *lower* courts with hopes of winning a medal.

And that is all, I think, for the present.

PURNANANDA,
Secretary.

Football

The last match of the season has been played, and we have won no trophy. It is true that we put up a formidable show in each of the three tournaments for which we entered. In the " Lawley Cup " league tournament, we do not know our position exactly, because the mistake was made of trying to arrange two rounds, and in the end things were so managed that we were not allowed to complete even the first round. It seems likely that next year this tournament will be better conducted, one round of matches with the dates drawn up well in advance. We played eight matches in all. We had the bad luck to meet all the weakest teams first; they gave no real opposition, and we won by many goals in each case. Our fifth match, with the Medical College, we lost by the odd goal in five, largely because of our lack of experience. In the next match our opponents were afterwards scratched. At the end of the first term we met the School of Technology, and a dull game ended in a draw. The only other match arranged for us in this tournament was with Presidency College, and we won. Of eight matches we lost one, drew one, and won six.

In the Presidency College knock-out tournament we had a bye in the first round, and in the second round were beaten, one goal to *nil*, by Loyola, who afterwards won the tournament. It was almost a new team we were playing, so much had the positions been changed, and the men never got together properly.

In the present term came the official ("Wilson Cup") knock-out tournament. Again we had a bye in the first round. In the next round we met the Medicals. The match ended with a draw, 3–3: extra time was played, and after half-an-hour of it the score stood 5–5. It was a very exciting match, and probably we were somewhat lucky in drawing. But in the re-play we were clearly the superior team, showing better spirits, and deservedly won by three goals to *nil*. The first match was on a Friday, the re-play on a Monday, and our next match came the next day, and we collapsed. Our opponents were the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Instruction, older and heavier men, specially picked from all over India and in perfect condition. We kept up our end pluckily in the first half, though all were tired and some were hurt after the gruelling match of the day before, but towards the end their fast and clever forwards had "found a formula", and we blush to record that the final score was nine goals to one *against*.

A few other matches were played, including two with teams of Old Boys, the first captained by K. O. George, the second by T. D. Ramanathan (who hopes he may be back in College next year). The present students won both matches.

The inter-class tournament was somewhat protracted, and was brought to a conclusion only in the middle of February. In one match a team failed to turn up, though properly warned, and was ruthlessly scratched. All the other games were played enthusiastically, the level of the play on the whole was high, and most of the games quite exciting. In the first round Class II beat Class IV, after one drawn match, and Class III beat Class I. The School, and the Honours Classes (including B. Sc. Classes and all post-graduate students) had byes. In the semi-finals Class II beat the School, and the Honours Classes beat Class III, playing extra time. Extra time was needed in the final also, and the Honours Classes won by the odd goal in seven.

On the whole, we may say of football what was said of hockey in the last number: the College has no doubt had better teams, but the general level has never been so high. We could have produced a Second XI pretty nearly as good as the first. Discipline and comradeship have been excellent. Practices were held regularly until the rains interrupted them, and the turn-out on the whole was good. Whenever possible, a practice was held on the Wednesday and a match on the following Friday, and no one was considered for the team unless he had been at the practice. And it seemed to be generally recognised that this is how College football ought to be run: that the winning of trophies, though an agreeable thing in its own way, is not the only thing to aim at, and perhaps not even the chief thing. The XI has

been a *team* this year, and a *College team;* and the College may well be proud of it.

The credit must go chiefly to the Captain, T. G. Thomas. He was ably and loyally supported by his Vice-Captain and Secretary, M. D. Ebenezer and V. M. Ninan, but they themselves would be the first to acknowledge that he was the leader and all the rest were followers. Quiet and unruffled, he never thrust himself forward; but he had a clear and broad view of his duty, and did it with unfailing effectiveness. People recognised his selflessness and his zeal, and were glad to work along with him. The College has had good football captains in the past, but it certainly was never better served than it has been this year. It is enough to say, perhaps, that he was as good a captain as he was a player,—and in the same way: and as a player he was sometimes called the Steam Road Roller, because of the inevitability of his progress.

Several people were tried in practically every position. The chief goal-keeper was Nicolas, who is plucky and cool and would be very good if he did not take such risks. Balakrishnan and Henderson also played sometimes. At back, there was Thomas himself, imperturbable and irresistible; his partner was sometimes Krishnan, active and dashing, and sometimes Sankaran, a Class I man who promises to be very good when he has gained confidence and experience. Ebenezer was the usual centre-half; he injured his knee in a class match and was not able to play in the last term. His enthusiasm and pluck are unabated, and it is not necessary to say more of him, for he has played in the team for four years continuously. The right half was Cheru, a quiet, tenacious, and skilful player; and on the left was John Chandy, who improves steadily year by year. And we had a useful substitute-player in Kesavan Unni Nair. The forward line changed a good deal. Mr. Norman played in the first two tournaments. Ninan, with his speed, his determination to get forward, and his good shooting, was undoubtedly the best of the student-forwards Ernest Thomas' speed was a great asset to the team. Koilpillai, who has changed over from hockey, and Visvanathan, were both quick and clever. Seshan played several times, and improved greatly. P. R. Ramachandran played occasionally, and promises well.

Mr. Norman adds some general criticism on our style of play.

J. R. M.

College Football

The editor has asked me to write something about College football. I do so in response to his request and because I am interested in the subject. If incidentally I say anything of value to footballers in India it is because, having played far more in England than in India, and

having seen a good deal of the best football in the world, I can appreciate more quickly than the average student what are weaknesses in his normal game. I may sacrifice some general interest in being rather technical, bût if I can induce anyone in the College team to agree with me on certain fundamental principles the sacrifice is well made. This will not be a series of amusing reminiscences, so I advise those people who are not seriously interested in football to read no further.

It seems to me that the main fault of College football here is that team play is not sufficiently developed, and that, further, as a working combination the defence will have nothing to do with the forwards. In clearing, a defender must always remember that it is his duty to give the ball to some particular member of his own team and that it is not enough to 'balloon' the ball out of his own half of the field in the hope that one of his forwards will get it eventually. This is the main fault of the defence, and though I do not wish to create rivalry except in competition, I think that on the whole the defence are better footballers than the forwards in this year's College team. The forwards are still under the impression that cleverness at football means ability to keep the ball at their own feet and hold on to it for an indefinite period. They have, for example, no conception of judging a man's positional play. However much he runs into position the obvious pass never comes. The captain is the only man in the team who has a highly developed sense of positional play. The high square centre from the wing, and the headed goal are rarely seen, and accurate direction of the ball with the head is now merely a matter of luck. It is not always the wing man's duty to cut in from the wing, he can frequently be much more effective if he makes for the corner flag and leaves scoring attempts to the inside forwards. Forwards should as a whole, however, find far more opportunities of shooting at the goal, for I have never seen a really safe goal-keeper in this country. A successful goalie must learn to punch hard and straight, preferably with both hands, and not to make a swinging blow at the ball. He must remember that the best way of stopping and controlling a ball is to catch it with both hands. This is the safest way even if the shot is along the ground, and rather than make a wild kick at such a shot a good keeper will kneel on one knee behind it and gather the ball in his arms. He can then kick it away cleanly without hitting any of the players, or, if pressed, he can throw it clear with one arm. Almost all the goalies I have seen here have no use for their hands in stopping a ball below the waist line.

The complement to the advocacy of team work is the condemnation of selfishness. Selfishness is evident not merely in 'hanging on to the ball' and attempting to out-dribble opponent after opponent,

but is often the cause of bad positional play. A player will naturally tend to get out of position during the course of the game, but if he insists on following the ball wherever it goes, however good a player he is, he only exhausts himself, disorganises the team, and gets in the way of the men on his own side. Not that I accuse the captain of this, (he is what football papers in England would call 'a tower of strength'), but it should be unnecessary for him to take corners. Fast play makes such a procedure exceedingly dangerous. In England it is quite unusual for any player other than the wing man to take the corner kick.

The common English method of long swinging passes is rarely played, yet it has been illustrated again and again how effective this type of play is, and how it affects the speed of the game. It is unusual here to see a wing man play along the touchline or an inside forward swing a pass out to the opposite wing instead of to his own. The method of close play and dribbling is only encouraged by the Indian refusal to allow shoulder charging. A charge made fairly with the shoulder and not delivered in the back is quite legitimate. In the case of handling the ball, too, the referee should allow play to proceed unless he considers the handling has been deliberate.

These points are of course concerned with what are looked upon as fundamental principles of good football. There are many differences between the English and the Indian game which are quite superficial. The fact that players do not wear boots and often refuse to tuck their shirts in does not materially alter the game in any way. Instead of saying 'Same side' an Englishman will shout 'One of you', and the ball is 'Gone' not 'Outside' when a goal kick is to be taken. I had never heard the command 'Slowly, slowly' until I played football in this country, and, of course, if a word is not repeated here it may be considered unsaid. But these are trivial details. If the College team would put into practice all this well-meant advice I feel sure it would considerably improve its football. It is in no way lacking in keenness and has already proved a profitable means of making friends, spending enjoyable hours, and providing valuable exercise for the present writer. And after all this seriousness remember that a football match is only a game, not an emotional crisis. It should always be treated as a game and in the case of some students relegated to its proper position in the scheme of things, and in the case of others at least tried, even if subsequently rejected for 'volleyball' or base-ball. I hope that next year will produce more football enthusiasts of the same calibre as this year's team, for, though numerically an improvement is possible, their degree of keenness cannot easily be excelled, and if next year's captain proves as able as this year's, there will be no happier team in Madras.

College Day

The 42nd celebration of the College Day was held on December 28th. The usual chota hazri was followed by an excursion to Tambaram, where a large number of Old Boys where shown over the new buildings by Mr. Barnes. In the afternoon, the Conference of the Association was held at 3 p.m., when the Secretaries' Report was adopted. After tea and light refreshments, those present adjourned to the Anderson Hall, where the public meeting was opened at 5-15 p.m., under the chairmanship of Mr. W. R. Parthasarathy Iyengar, a former student and a retired Headmaster of the School. There was first a performance of music by an Indian Orchestra conducted by Professor P. Sambamurthy. The formal toasts of the King Emperor and the Motherland were proposed by the Chairman, and also a resolution of condolence on the deaths of the Rev. George Patterson, Dewan Bahadur W. L. Venkataramiah, Mr. T. M. Purushothama Mudaliar, and Mr. P. Subramania Iyah. Mr. Parthasarathy then proposed the toast of the College: his speech was read for him by Miss Meenakshi. It has been published already, and therefore need not be given here. The toast was responded to by the Principal of the College.

A portrait of Mr. E. B. Ross, whose resignation had recently been announced, was presented to the College, in a happy speech, by Mr. S. Balasinga Satya Nadar: the portrait was the gift of Mr. S. R. Ranganathan. As a member of the first class taught by Mr. Ross, and as a close friend, Mr. Satya Nadar was able to give many interesting reminiscences. The portait was accepted by the Principal. It is a reproduction of this portrait that we give elsewhere in this issue.

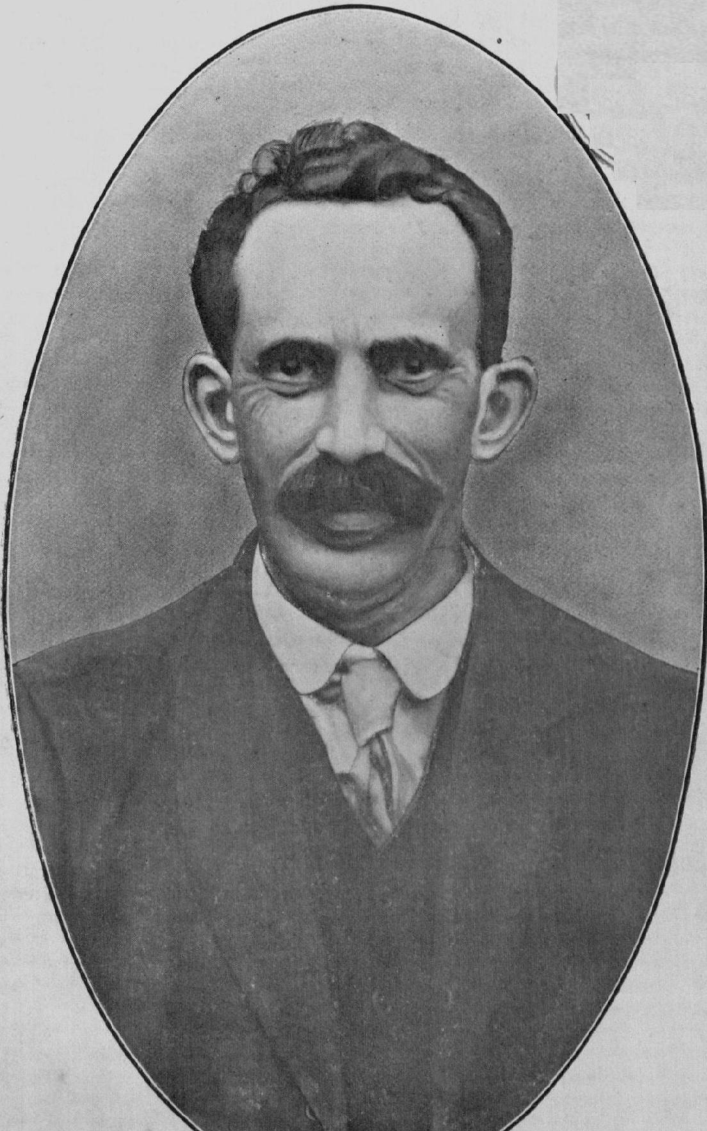
The toast of Retired Professors was proposed by Rao Bahadur C. V. Krishnaswami Chetty. By way of reply, Mr. Sanjiva Kamath read a letter from Dr. Meston. For its own sake, and for its interest as one of the last letters written by Dr. Meston, we give it in full at the end of this record.

Professor K. A. Nilakanta Sastry proposed the toast of Our Young Friends, and Mr. M. Kesavan Unni Nair responded, on behalf of present students.

Finally, Dr. K. C. Chakho proposed the health of the guests of the Association, and the Hon'ble Dewan Bahadur S. Kumaraswamy Reddiar responded.

Rao Sahib M. R. Ramaswamy Sivan gave some entertaining reminiscences, and said among many other things that the Madras

EDWARD BURNS ROSS



Professor of Mathematics 1907—1933

Christian College was the first body to think of speaking toasts instead of drinking them.

With a vote of thanks, proposed by Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswamy Chetty, President of the Association, the proceedings terminated.

DR. MESTON'S LETTER

In response to the request for a Message from a Retired Professor that might be read at the College Day Celebration of 1932, the following is sent by one who is denied activity but not optimism.

GENTLEMEN,

The request which your secretary and my esteemed friend, K. Sanjiva Kamath, has been so good as to send me brings with it the happy thought that, by complying with it, I shall enjoy the pleasure of being in your company on another College Day. Unfortunately, while the years in India brought in their train a joy without rival in my life, they have also brought a state of health which confines my journeyings for the most part within the four walls of our home. But it is only the body that has to submit to such limitations; the spirit knows nothing of them. And so, my friends, though I write this in October, I make bold to say that I mingle in spirit with you as you gather on the 29th of December to revive happy memories, to re-kindle the joys of companionship, and to renew your loyalty to your *alma mater*.

Your secretary in his letter said that he believed I had been following all that has been going on in India during the months since last you met. If I had not, it would show but small interest in that land of yours which is never a day absent from my thoughts. I can assure you that I have done everything within my circumscribed manner of life to keep in touch with the many phases of India's living story. And let me state the result. I come before you this afternoon—as a convinced optimist. 'How can that be?' some one is sure to ask. Well, let me share with you one or two things which impress me as making the outlook bright.

I

In the first place, I read a good deal about 'cuts' and the grumbles which have accompanied them, especially in the realm of education. That does not surprise me. But what cheers me is this—that these cuts have opened not a few eyes to see the truth of a position which has often been proclaimed from this place, and has not infrequently been frowned upon by those who should have known better. All through its history this College has held that if education is to

spread as it ought, if it is to drive out illiteracy as it ought, if it is to build up a nation as it ought, there is one great highway along which it must proceed—reliance on non-official agencies. Much has been done for the advance of education during the last two quinquennia, for which we should be most grateful. Nevertheless it has to be confessed that the method at present employed is inadequate to the task and the conditions before it. Were I to bring forward the facts and figures which I might readily adduce, I think you would agree with me that, if this country is to be delivered from what is a menace in no metaphorical sense, this deliverance must come from the adoption of that sound educational policy with which this College has so long identified itself. And to the urgent need for adherence to such a policy thoughtful minds have been roused of late. Let me mention but one indication. Have you realized that the proposal that two colleges should pass from official management came from an official source? And have you realized the significance of this? To the superficial observer it has seemed a proposal that simply concerned a transfer of management. But to those who looked deeper it is seen to mean that the policy which is now at work in the sphere of elementary education should be extended to higher education. It means that the educational policy which must operate should be national not departmental. Such a policy, lying at the very heart of the educational system of India, often ignored, often overlaid, our College has consistently championed. Had it been resolutely followed in the past, the sweep of education would have been far wider than it now is, far greater liberality would have been stimulated, on far sounder foundations would the nation be building to-day. That some have come to recognize this, fills me with optimism. And if every alumnus of this College will make it his aim to bear unfaltering testimony to the value of this policy, which requires of the State exclusive attention to the guidance of education, and its full hearted encouragement of local and private agencies as the exclusive means for supplying that education, then you will soon see that my optimism is well grounded. For the result will be manifest in vanishing illiteracy and richer national life.

II

Then, in the next place, is there not ground for optimism in what we, as a College, see going on a few miles from this place today? What was a short time ago a scrub-covered jungle is being transformed into a shrine of learning and life, one of the greatest assets ever placed to the credit of South Indian youth. Going over some papers recently I came upon a small beautifully drawn and coloured sketch of what was called the Selaiyur Forest Reserve. It was accompanied by a

recommendation that the College should acquire this land, and was signed 'A. Moffat'. The date was January 1926. This little slip was a reminder of how, after years of planning, after many a sleepless night, and after countless obstacles overcome, a site for the development of the College had at last been found. It was a reminder too that, if the sketch were being re-drawn on the 29th December 1932, there would have to be inserted in it not scrub but roads, wells, trees, buildings, the first step towards the erection of what an Indian college of today must be. All this within seven years. And that is not all. Of this I was reminded when, on opening the morning paper a short time ago, I read with deep regret that there had passed away one who in this presidency was trusted by all, and who met the darkest day with a smile, I mean Sir Thomas Moir. The last time I saw him was a few days before I left Madras; and it was an occasion to be remembered with gratitude. For to our plans, as they were laid before him, he gave the sympathy characteristic of him, that of deeds more potent than words. What solid reason we have to be grateful to that large-hearted public servant who put such heart into us. That was two years after the sketch. And that is not all. For the generosity of Government has its counterpart in the action of yourselves. For have not you, the alumni of the Madras Christian College, made yourselves responsible for the erection of the College library as a token of your thankfulness for that great gift which came to South India in William Miller. A library worthy of such a man will make a draft on many pockets, and a deep one at that. But fortunately there are as many pockets as there are old boys, and none of them is wholly empty, while many of them are of considerable depth, as the Income Tax officer knows. I picture the devoted help of such splendid friends as Sir Muhammad Usman and Advocate-General Alladi Krishnaswami. And if there are some of you hesitating as to the amount which you should give, take my advice. First, remember the sacrifice made for you so ungrudgingly by him whom you commemorate. And second, read our good friend S. R. Ranganathan's "Five Laws of Library Science"; and you will be carried along by a wave of enthusiasm which will land you safe on shore only when you have made out the biggest cheque to which you can sign your name. Thus there will soon be going up one of the finest buildings in South India, one of the greatest memorials, and one of the most powerful means of dispelling the overshadowing gloom of ignorance.

III

The mention of gloom reminds me of another reason for optimism. I confess that, when I read some letters and reports, I begin to wonder from the tone of them whether the sun has really stopped shining. In

the monsoon of 1896 there were twenty-one consecutive days during which Madras did not see the sun. But that hasn't happend since. Today the sun is shining; even at this distance I see its rays. Let me point out some of them.

One day I had been reading extracts from the report of an Indian committee from which I had hoped for much; but my hope was oozing away before sectional minutes of dissent. Then some hours later there came in to see me an old boy of the College, of whose arrival in Scotland I had not known. He described to me his journey to this country. There were on board, he said, Muhammadans from one part of the country, and they kept pretty much to themselves. Nor was it different with some Sikhs. There was an exception, however. Some Muhammadans, Hindus, and Christians didn't split into separate groups; they combined into one. How was that? "We were all Christian College boys", was the reply. And with it a big ray of light fell on one of Edinburgh's dull winter days. And that light still shines.

Let me speak of another. The eyes of the whole world have been much on Ottawa. And you know there is more than a matter of cabinet resignations connected with Ottawa. You know that, at that conference, the delegates from India made an unforgettable impression, as the newspapers readily testified. I had no idea of the personnel of the Indian delegation until one day I opened the *Times* and found a picture of it. And there in the group was standing our old friend, R. K. Shanmugam Chetty, very much as he looked when he sat on our benches. It came home to me that India was making itself felt as a power in the commerce of the Commonwealth, and that we had a personal part in it. Isn't that a pretty bright ray? I think it is. And here is another.

This autumn there has been going through the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland a small group, the messengers of a Mission of fellowship. They came from the churches of India, their expenses "borne by the entire Christian community". On no commercial or political errand did they speed, these friends, among whom was numbered our esteemed alumnus, A.M. Varki, but that they might share with the West the spiritual fellowship of the East. As they journeyed, human hearts separated by seas were knit by the bond of the spirit.

From this bright ray, turn to another. Have you realized how many clouds of gloom have been dissipated by the tour through Britain of the All-India cricket team? Thousands upon thousands flocked to see these players, so strengthened by the splendid work of C. K. Nayudu; the papers overflowed with their exploits; the wireless sent their achievements through the length and breadth of the land. And

as people listened and looked, all that they had heard of communal difficulties slipped from their minds, and it was as if they shouted aloud: "*India is playing cricket*; all India, *mind you*; the best of luck to India".

When you think of these things, do you not agree with me that those who dwell in gloom do so in wilful despite of their country's record, a country that today in the field of commerce, fellowship, and sportsmanship, is sending out beams of light that flash through five continents?

IV

But the gloomy man is slow to move out of his cave; and he will more than likely challenge my optimism by some such remark as this: "Grant that the light of which you speak is shining within the realms to which you refer. Can you possibly say that there is any light shining in the realms of governmental well-being and national life?" "Yes", I reply, "most certainly. It is there that I see the brightest light of all". How can that be? I shall be asked. Because I see that there are those in India who are making it plain, in a very quiet but unmistakeable way, that the well-being of the State springs as little from concentration on politics as does a happy life from concentration on happiness.

Amidst the clamour of many voices in the India of today there are those which, as they reach my ear, carry to it the cry: "Give not unto us those that prophesy smooth things, give us those that prophesy right things". It is a great thing that such a cry as that should arise, enough in itself to scatter many a cloud. But how is it to be met? you may ask. In eighteenth century England there was a cry which, when it was uttered, was not always disinterested but which is none the less worthy of consideration on that account. The cry was: "Men not measures". Now if the disjunction was wrong, the emphasis was right. Give a country MEN, real men, men who are willing to do the best they can for their country and their fellowmen without troubling who gets the credit for it, give a country such men, and the right measures, the right administration, will follow as certainly as day follows night. Now there are clear signs that thoughtful minds in India want to build the fabric of their country's nationhood on the foundation not of what is partizan, not of what is personal, but on the firm foundation of principle and personality. And that there are clear signs of this is sufficient in itself to light countless lamps of optimism. For Principle springs from Personality, and strong, unselfish Personality is the only basis strong enough to bear the structure of India's nationhood, that structure which, I believe, is to be so magnifical. And as if to add brightness to the optimism which is thus generated,

there comes before us this further fact. It is that the Personality, for the supply of which the country cries, is what this College of ours is above all concerned to provide as its steady contribution to the country. It does not exist to fill the exchequers of Government and the University with examination fees, or to swell the long lists of graduates. It exists to bring to bear on those who pass through its classes the twin powers of training that disciplines the mind, and religion that enriches the spirit. It is the operation of these forces that gives us, on the one hand, men who think a thing thoroughly out and despise the superficial, who cleave to realities and are not carried away by catchwords, who are the servants not of feeling or of prejudice but of the true; and that gives us, on the other hand, men whose loyalty to ideals is deepened by sacrifice, who reverence their conscience as their king, whose motto is service, and in whose eyes life is a divine trust. And to-day you gather, members of a large and ever growing society which, as a true college, combines those who have gone beyond these walls to fight the battle of life and those who are giving their days to study within them. You are gathered to-day to acknowledge with all the power which you possess that, notwithstanding the frailty to which we are all prone, you are, as alumni of this College, bound by a tie that cuts across all sectionalism, united by an allegiance that touches what is most vital in your lives, and that because of this you have resolved afresh, in gratitude to your College for what it has given you, to give to the service of your land and nation the offering of a thoughtful mind, an unselfish spirit, a disciplined personality. And because I see this College of ours shaping such lives, drawing forth such resolves, leading to such dedication, meeting so definitely the cry that comes from the heart of India, because of this I look across the field of Indian progress and advance and see not gloom but the shining of the sun. India looks back on a glorious past. Yes; but on the basis of dedicated personality I see it looking forward to, and hastening on, a still more glorious future. And to-day I know that, as you meet together in College and in the Anderson Hall, you will be conscious that some of that sunshine has irradiated you all.

I thank you for your goodness in making me one of yourselves this afternoon, and for all the good cheer you thus pass on to me. That God's richest blessing may rest upon you all, and in all that you do, is the heart-felt prayer of

Your most sincere friend,
W. MESTON.

Edinburgh,
24th October, 1932.

Commemoration Day and Sports

The Commemoration Day was held this year, later than usual, on Friday, February 10th. This seems to be an affair that grows in importance yearly. To begin with, since the Sports were turned into an inter-class tournament, the preliminary trials have become an indispensable part of the programme. This year there was much keen competition in almost all the classes: one day was set apart for each class to try out competitors, so as to help the class captain in selecting his representatives. No one was allowed to represent his class in more than three events, and the classes had to find as many representatives as possible. So that the Sports this year occupied something like a fortnight, instead of the usual two afternoons.

Again, an attempt was made this year to get a larger number of former students to come to the Sports. On Thursday the 9th, matches were arranged between present and past students in football, hockey, and basket-ball. The games had to be played on the Y.M.C.A. grounds, since the College field was all laid out for the Sports, and there was a large crowd watching. T. D. Ramanathan was captain of the Old Boys for football, C. F. Dwyer for hockey, and Matthai Abraham for basket-ball. Present students won by narrow margins in football and hockey, and lost badly at basket-ball. On the whole, every one found it an admirable innovation, and it is to be hoped that the event will become annual.

On the Friday there were no Scripture classes: the usual 11 o'clock classes met at 10 o'clock, the 12 noon classes at 10.45, and work for the day ceased at 11.30. The Commemoration Service was held a few minutes later, in the Anderson Hall. The Commemoration Address was delivered by Mr. Mannikam: it is given below.

The Sports began at 2.15, and lasted till about 5.30. The tournament-idea has now become familiar, and worked much better than last year. The competitors were working as teams, out for their classes and not for themselves; and the rivalry between the classes was very keen. Competition was close, too: and after many ups and downs, Classes IV and I, on the result of the last item, the tug-of-war, finished equal, and Class II was only one point behind; the Honours Classes and Class III divided the remaining points fairly equally.

There were one or two outstanding individual achievements, especially G. D. Mani's jumping. In the High Jump he cleared 5 ft. 10½ in. easily, and then it was found that there were no more

holes in the uprights. Mani made a new record in the Long Jump also; and so did Govinda Kamath in the mile. The record was equalled in the 100 yards and the Shot Putt. But the best thing about the Sports was the keen and friendly rivalry which was shown in all the events from first to last. A more or less official record of the day appears further on.

A large number of former students of all ages were present by invitation, and Mr. Justice C. V. Ananthakrishna Iyer had kindly consented to preside. After the Sports were over, and before the prize-giving, there was a short but delightful interlude: a performance on the flute by Professor P. Sambamoorthy, and a very entertaining imitation, by Mr. C. Ramasubban, of some Madras street cries and other unpleasant noises. A longer programme, including items by present students, had been arranged, but unfortunately there was no time for it. The prizes were given away by Mr. Justice Anantakrishna Iyer; there was a short mandoline solo by Henry Azariah; and under the rising harvest moon the gathering dispersed.

COMMEMORATION ADDRESS

The incident which I am about to describe happened about 30 years ago, but I remember it as vividly as if it happened only yesterday.

We were a party of students staying in the Mountain Home at Yercaud as guests of Dr. Miller. We had gone out on an all day excursion to the Monteith Mountains, a small beautiful range of hills in the form of a horse-shoe. We halted on the top of one arm of this range for lunch; and after lunch we rested in the shade of the trees on the hill. Two members of our party, more energetic than the rest, left us with the object of reaching the highest point of the other arm of the range. This could be done in two ways; there was the foot-path on the top of the range ordinarily used; there was the hazardous way down to the valley and up the steep side of the opposite hill. Our adventurers chose the difficult way. They disappeared from our view when they descended into the valley. After about half an hour or so they suddenly came into view. We saw them clinging to the bushes on the steep hill opposite to us. We all got up and gazed at them with admiration and a good deal of anxiety. One of the senior men in our party shouted across to them and said: 'It is too dangerous, you cannot reach the top. Go back.' 'No, we cannot go back' was the answer. 'The way we came was just as dangerous as the way

ahead of us appears to be. We shall go forward and reach the top'—and they did.

It seems to me that the position of the College today is similar to the position of the adventurers when they were trying to reach the top. The goal ahead is the great Tambaram scheme. There are friends who watch our strenuous efforts and shout—'You cannot do it; go back the way you came.' What is our reply? 'The way we have come was just as hazardous as the way ahead of us seems to be; we shall go forward.'

Let us for a few minutes look back on the path by which the college has reached the position it occupies today.

The foundations of the college had to be laid by a man of profound vision; a man that did not look for immediate results, but believed *firmly* in the power of a gradual leavening process, which consisted in a sound general education based on the principles taught by Jesus. God gave us such a man in the person of his servant John Anderson.

When the foundations had been laid, we needed the services of a master builder, a man of distinguished academic qualifications, of high social status and of great wealth, for the building up of a great college is very expensive. God gave the College such a man in the person of his servant William Miller.

When the College had been built, we needed a man who could consolidate its work, for the College had by this time become a huge machine. God gave the College such a man in the person of his servant William Skinner.

While all this work of founding, building, and consolidation of the College was going on, great changes had taken place in the sphere of higher education outside. We needed at this time a man at the helm, who could keep intact the individuality of the College and at the same time fall in line with other colleges. We needed a man of persuasive eloquence and quick action. Such a man God gave to the College and through the College to the University in the person of his servant Monteith Macphail. And then we needed a leader who, while he remained absolutely loyal to the College, could be equally loyal to the University. We needed a man in whose sincerity, sound judgement and willingness to work, men from other colleges could repose absolute confidence. Such a man God gave us in the person of his servant William Meston, who while he paid to the last farthing the debt of duty he owed to the College, did not spare himself in the service of the University but worked faithfully even unto death.

Let us, the students and the staff of the College assembled here today, give our humble thanks to God for these his good and faithful

servants. Let us give our humble thanks to God for the wonderful way in which he has always satisfied our needs.

To-day we are filled with a sense of our unexhausted possibilities.

Have you never stood in the presence of a commanding and lovely landscape and had the thought come to you that you could conceive a landscape of greater loveliness than that which unrolled before your eyes? Have you never, if you are a lover of music, been in the midst of great music and had the thought visit you that you could conceive of harmonies greater and more majestic than your ears heard? Even so, now, as you look upon our College as the great institution it has grown to be, does not the thought occur to you that it can grow to be a still more glorious institution?

This thought can break up the chillness and the weariness which sometimes settle down upon us by reason of the daily strain and toil that are appointed unto us; and fill us with new hope, new freshness and new expectation, as befits those who are not creatures of a day, but are the followers of Him—in Whose name the College is founded—Who gave us this promise, Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

J. P. MANNIKAM.

THE SPORTS RESULTS

440 Yards. J Chandy, Hons.; C. I. Cheru, III; D. Ramachandran, II. Time, 57⅗ secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball. B. Ganesh Rao, I; Kamath, II; J. Chandy, Hons. Order of classes*: Class II; Class I; Class IV.

100 Yards. T. G. Thomas, IV; D. Ramachandran, II; V. M. Ninan, II. Time, 11 secs.

One Mile. Govinda Kamath, II; V. M. Ninan, II; K. Ramaswami, IV. Time, 5 mins. 23⅕ secs. (a new College record). Order of classes*: Class II; Class IV; Classes I and III (equal).

High Jump. G. D. Mani, I; J. James, I; M. D. Ebenezer, IV. Height, 5 ft. 10½ in. (a new College record). Order of classes*: Class I; Class IV; Class III.

Medley Relay. Honours Classes; Class II; Class III. Time, 4 min. 18 secs.

Putting the Shot. Purnananda, IV; Md. Hussain, IV; Govinda Kamath, II. Distance, 29 ft. 1 in. (equalling the record). Order of classes*: Class IV; Class II; Class I.

Hurdles (a shuttle relay race). Class I Class III; Class IV.

Long Jump. G. D. Mani, I; T. G. Thomas, IV; M. D. Ebenezer, IV. Distance, 20 ft. 2½ in. (a new College record). Order of classes *: Class I; Class IV; Class II.

4 × 220 Yards Relay. Honours Classes and Class I (dead heat); Class II.

Tug-of-War. Class IV; Class I.

Old Boys' Race. G. Paul David, A. T. Abraham, K. K. Chandy (dead heat).

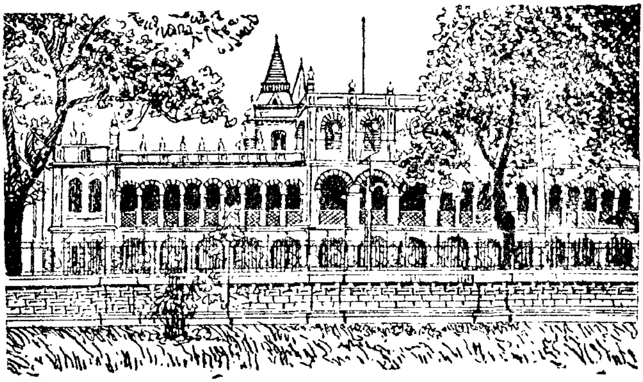
Tennis Pickers' Race. Muniswami; Ganesan; Anthony.

Peons' Race. Tholasi; Arogyaswami; Mannikam.

Final order of Classes. Class IV and Class I, 17 points each; Class II, 16 points; Honours Classes, 8½ points; Class III, 6½ points.

* In those events marked with an asterisk, the order of the classes was arrived at by totalling the performances of all the members of each class team.

COLLEGE NOTES



The Death of Dr. Meston

Dr. Meston died on January 12th, and the news of his death arrived here on the following day, shortly before the College re-opened. To those who had known him well, the news brought a sense of dereliction. We found that we had not known till then how much we counted upon him, and drew strength from him. We found that, all unconsciously, we had been doing our work the more faithfully and the more confidently because we had, at the back of our minds, a picture of a crippled man in bed in Edinburgh, whose thoughts the College still filled. It is no mere figure of speech to say that Dr. Meston gave his life for the College. Years before he retired, he looked ahead, and weighing one thing with another in his patient and careful way, decided that he could not leave Madras till October 1928. We know definitely that he had made his decision at least two and a half years earlier. And till the time that he had appointed himself, he continued his work inflexibly, though he had to fight weakness by day and insomnia by night. At last the time came, and he went home, confident that he had handed the College on to his successor as 'a going concern'.

The strain must have been more than any one realized at the time: and in the long run it killed him. After a short time at home, he strained his heart in such a way that for the remaining four years of his life he could scarcely ever leave his house, or even his room. The end came with an attack of appendicitis. His heart was so weak that it was impossible to operate. The doctors mercifully were able to relieve the pain without rendering him unconscious. His last words, according to one letter, were: 'There is no fear.' In a week he was dead. A few days later there was a short religious service in his house, and then all that remained of him was taken to Aberdeen for burial. The burial service was conducted by Dr. Skinner.

To the bulk of his students, no doubt, Dr. Meston was known chiefly as a man of discipline, strict and severe. He was respected and loved for it: for every one could see that he was stern with his students just because of the respect and love that he had for them. Many too knew the kindness and considerateness which he showed in all individual cases. And he was more severe with himself than with any one else.

To those who worked along with him or under him, the most striking thing about him was the amount and variety of the work that he did, the range and grasp of his mind, and his utter fidelity in the least detail. No job was too big for him, and none was too small.

But to all who knew him, Dr. Meston was above all a man of God. God was his refuge and his strength: the power of his mind, the strength of his will, the warmth of his heart, were all strictly and completely religious. No one could know much of him without realizing that 'he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible'.

It seems to us that one thing remains to be added: Dr. Meston's sense of humour. Mr. Corley mentioned it at the Old Boys' meeting. To many of his colleagues, the picture of Dr. Meston that comes first to the mind is a picture of him sitting in a long chair in the Professors' Room, after tiffin, with 'Punch' in his hand: solemn and sedate at first, his eyes brighten, and then he begins to rumble, until his whole body is shaking with laughter. We do not think it incongruous to speak of Dr. Meston's humour in the same breath as his faith in God.

The Memorial Service

A special service in memory of Dr. Meston was held on the first Sunday of the term, January 21st, at 4.30 p.m., in the Anderson Hall. The service was of the same form as the usual College services. It was conducted by Dr. Theodore, and the First Lesson, a responsive reading of a Psalm, was led by a student. The Principal's address is

given at the beginning of this number. The hall had been decorated, simply but beautifully, by some of the Professors' wives. There was a very large gathering of old students and friends as well as of present students.

The Memorial Meeting

Under the auspices of the College Day Association, a public meeting was held in the Anderson Hall on February 8th, at 5.15 p.m. Mr. S. Satyamurthi proposed Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar to the chair. After short tributes to Dr. Meston by the Chairman and by Mr. Corley, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar moved, and Mr. Basheer Ahmed Sayyid, M.L.C., seconded, the following resolution:

'This meeting of the Old Students of the Madras Christian College places on record its sense of irreparable loss sustained by the untimely demise of the late Rev. Dr. W. Meston, Honorary Principal of the College, and resolves to perpetuate his memory by establishing a gold medal associated with his name to be awarded to a student of the College fulfilling such qualifications as the Senatus may determine; and calls upon all Old Students of the College to subscribe liberally towards the funds for the same.'

The resolution was passed unanimously.

Before the meeting dispersed, the Chairman proposed a second resolution of condolence on the death of Mr. Arogyaswamy Mudaliar. It was passed in silence, all standing.

The late Dewan Bahadur R. N. Arogyaswamy Mudaliar

It is with regret that we refer to the death of Dewan Bahadur R. N. Arogyaswamy Mudaliar, a distinguished Old Student of this College and a former Minister to the Government of Madras.

Mr. Arogyaswamy Mudaliar belonged to a well known Indian Christian family and was a devout Roman Catholic. His father, the late Sir R. N. Pragasam Mudaliar, was a Knight of St. Gregory, created by the then King of Portugal, in recognition of his public services. The son had, from childhood, been brought up in an atmosphere of devotion to God and service to man.

Mr. Arogyaswamy Mudaliar was born in April, 1870, and graduated from this College in 1890, taking a first class in Mathematics. Five years later, he passed out of the Madras Engineering College with the B.C.E. degree. He entered Government service as an Assistant Engineer in the Public Works Department, and retired from service in 1925 as Superintending Engineer. He travelled extensively in Europe and America, studying important engineering works in those countries. During his official career, he

was associated with great irrigation enterprises such as the Upper and Lower Bhavani Projects and the Tungabhadra Project. In recognition of his valuable services, he was made a Rao Bahadur in 1914, and a Dewan Bahadur in 1924.

The late Dewan Bahadur presided over the Madras Christian College Day Celebration in 1923 and, in his presidential address, held aloft the ideal of Service, an ideal which he himself had consistently endeavoured to reach.

On his retirement from Government service, Mr. Mudaliar entered politics. He was returned to the Madras Legislative Council by the Central Indian Christian Constituency in 1926 and was soon after offered a place in the first Subbarayan Ministry. He resigned this high office on a question of principle and took his seat on the Opposition Bench. Both as a Minister and as a prominent member of the Opposition, his services to the country were characterised by a strong sense of justice and rigid honesty. The next time he was returned to the Legislative Council unopposed and, till death terminated the brilliant career, he served the highest interests of the country loyally and faithfully. Towards the end of his life he was engaged in the difficult task of bringing together the various sections of Indian Christians in the social and political service of the country and effecting a union of all the communities in the country.

His death is mourned by his College and by his grateful countrymen, Christian and non-Christian, all over India. We desire to convey our condolence to the members of the bereaved family.

Dr. Moffat

We have great pleasure in welcoming back to India the Rev. Dr. Alexander and Mrs. Moffat. Dr. Moffat, who was appointed Professor of Physics in 1892, retired in 1927. He served for some time at the Union Christian College in Alwaye, and then, four years ago, he and his wife went home. But they have come back: they find that they have more friends, and they hope to have better health, in India than in Scotland; and they are now settled in Bangalore, and their address is 9 Miller's Road. They are making a delightful home for themselves there, where they will always be glad to see any friend of their own or of the College. We wish them all happiness in their new life here.

Teaching and Residential Halls

In descriptions of the plans for the new College at Tambaram, reference has frequently been made to the 'Hall' system on the basis of which the College is to be organised, but not much has been said

about the nature of a Hall, and it is possible that the new proposals have not yet been thoroughly understood.

The proposal to organise the College on the basis of four Halls arose from the feeling that, in many ways, a College of about 800 students is too large. Not in every way, indeed. A large College has the advantage over a small College in scope and variety of intellectual life. Where more subjects are taught and studied, there tends to be greater breadth of outlook and wider culture. But the danger is that what is gained in breadth may be lost in intensity. In a college of 800 students, it is almost inevitable that a large number of the students should be merely on the fringe of college life, only very slightly acquainted with their teachers, only very partially under the influence of the spirit, the tone, the 'atmosphere' of the College.

The first step towards greater intensity of College life is, of course, to make the College so far as possible residential, and that is part of the plan. It is hoped that 75 per cent. of the students will be in residence. But the value of a residential system varies greatly with the nature of the system. It is sometimes imagined that when College buildings have been erected, and when one or two hostels have been erected in close proximity, the result is a residential College. But it is not necessarily so. Nothing more may have been done than to provide convenient lodgings in a convenient situation. It is something more than this that has made the residential system of Oxford and Cambridge the admiration of the world, and it is this something more that the Hall system at Tambaram is intended (in a measure) to supply.

The distinguishing feature of the older English Universities is this, that the Colleges do all that we in India expect a hostel to do, and yet remain Colleges. The student lives in his College, but it is there also that he receives the greater part of his instruction. The College is his home, but it is also responsible for his academic welfare, and it therefore fulfils two functions which we in India have always tended to separate, at any rate since the beginning of 'Western' education, though not in pre-Western days. Now the 'Hall' system is intended to unite those two functions, and the nature of a 'Hall' is perhaps best explained by saying that it is intended to play something like the part played by the (comparatively small) Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

In the Tambaram College there will be four Halls. Each Hall will accommodate 150 residential students, and will in addition have 50 non-residents attached to it. The Hall will be the student's home. He will live there and sleep there and have his meals there. But it will be more than a mere hostel, for it will have academic and disciplinary responsibilities, and will, in a sense, be a smaller College within the larger College. Every member of the College staff will

have a special connection with one of the Halls, at least two of them living in a special staff residence which will be part of the Hall, and the remainder living in houses close at hand. The Warden of the Hall will be responsible not only for the general well-being of the members of his Hall, but also for their academic progress. He will arrange that the members of the staff attached to the Hall shall assist him in fulfilling these responsibilities, and he will provide tutorial facilities so far as his resources allow him. The Halls have been designed with these functions in view. Each of them has two units which may be described as hostels for 75 students. On the third side of the quadrangle are kitchens and dining rooms, and on the fourth side there is a building containing staff quarters, four small class-rooms (for tutorial classes, Scripture classes and Honours classes), and a large room in which all the members of the Hall can assemble.

When a student becomes a member of the Madras Christian College, Tambaram, he will automatically become a member of one of the four Halls. His lectures will be given in the College buildings, unless he is an Honours student, but, apart from lectures, his life will chiefly centre round his Hall. The Hall will supervise his studies. The Warden of the Hall, or one of the other teachers attached to it, will be his guide, philosopher and friend. He will play games for his Hall against other Halls, and most of the Societies which he joins will be Hall Societies. He will be expected to be a loyal member of the College as a whole, but chiefly by being a loyal member of his Hall.

Scenes from 'Julius Caesar'

On December 17th, in the Anderson Hall, there was a performance, by various volunteers from the Senior Intermediate Class, of certain scenes from the first three Acts of 'Julius Cæsar'. The performance was enthusiastically received by a large audience. The production was as simple as possible, and ostentation and extravagance was carefully guarded against. Roughly speaking, the sale of tickets brought in Rs. 200; the expenses amounted to Rs. 60: and the promoters were able to hand over Rs. 130 to the Tambaram fund. We think the figures very creditable.

We add a rigorous technical criticism, from the pen of an English Professor :—

Generally, the cast knew their lines well and, as is frequently not the case among students, they spoke them with real feeling for the metre. Keeping the criticism still quite general we must note that articulation was not always perfect, but there are particular letters such as V and S which are a constant stumbling block to students.

The cast was well chosen. Sultan Hasan Md. Khan, as Cæsar, preserved an air of aloofness and superiority, and achieved the effect desired by the author of bringing the character into contempt, a contempt which was well expressed by P. Umamaheswara Rao as Cassius and by T. C. A. Ramanujachari as Casca. Cassius acted the whole time he was in the stage, and if at times he was melodramatic it was because he was heart and soul in the part. Casca gave what I thought the best individual performance of the evening when he described Cæsar's refusal to accept 'One of these coronets'. He made the most of the comedy although his part was in no way overacted. Brutus, played by R. Bakthavathsulu, was so introspective as to seem at times lacking in self-possession. He was much more like his great successor, Hamlet, than Brutus. However, he thoroughly understood the part he had to play and the natural differences in the temperament of the cast made the play much more interesting. As scene succeeded scene Cassius became more excited and Cæsar remained complacent, impassive, and pompous, but Brutus became more impressive by his natural restraint.

The scene in the orchard was impressive in the simplicity of its setting and effective in its grouping of figures in the subdued light. S. Rajagopalan and S. K. Seshan as Portia and Calpurnia did much to overcome the essential handicap of acting in a convention which has been lost altogether, and which is particularly difficult to maintain before an audience of fellow students.

The murder scene, characterised by economy of action and absence of rowdyism, was well managed. In fact, a murder after Brutus's own heart, accompanied by a significant dimming of lights and effective stage grouping.

R. V. Manikkam as Antonius had plenty of self-possession. He spoke his lines well and with feeling, though it would not have been amiss if he could have borrowed some of Brutus's restraint, for with the support of the crowd he became a trifle melodramatic. We most heartily agree with him that the crowd was neither wood nor stone, and can only assume that when he addressed them as 'You Gentle Romans' he was speaking with his tongue in his check. The excitement of this scene was well received and proved a fitting climax to the production.

A word of praise must be said for the director (Mr. Martin). The simplicity of the setting and costume had much to commend it, and the stage positioning at such moments as the murder, and the agreement of Casca to become one of the conspirators, was very effective. There was, too, significance in the choice of colours which distinguished the main characters, especially the black of Brutus, the green of Cassius and the orange of Casca. The whole performance was most enjoyable and a worthy effort of one Class for the benefit of Tambaram.

The producer wishes me to thank all those who worked behind the scenes and to say that he received valuable assistance from Mr. K. A. S. Johnson.

The Magazine

There is one change in the staff to be recorded: for this number Mr. Y. Syed Muhammad has acted as Advertisements Manager, in place of Mr. M. Kesavan Unni Nair.

The Editorial last word, we think, should be a word of thanks to the members of the Magazine Committee for the year. Whether they have done their work well is not for the Editor to say, any more than for themselves: the verdict must lie with our common judge, the reader. But at least we have all tried hard to make the Magazine good: and we have enjoyed ourselves. All good wishes to our readers this year and our successors next year.

College Magazines Received

NOVEMBER, 1932

Pachaiyappa's College Magazine, Madras.
National College Magazine, Trichinopoly.

DECEMBER 1932

Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi.
Madras Law College Magazine.
Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta.
Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow Christian College.
Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam.
Presidency College Magazine, Madras.
Madura College Magazine.
The Leader, Union Noble College, Masulipatam.
Malabar Christian College Magazine, Calicut.
Presidency College Natural History Magazine, Madras.
The Students' Chronicle and Serhampur College Magazine, Bengal.
Andhra Christian College Magazine, Guntur.
St. John's College Magazine, Agra.
The Magazine, St. Thomas's College Magazine, Trichur.
Union Christian College Magazine, Alwaye.
Excelsior, St. Berchman's College Magazine, Chenganacherry.

JANUARY, 1933

St. Andrew's College Magazine, Gorakhpur.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot.
Magazine of the University Students' Union, Vizianagaram.

FEBRUARY 1933

The Magazine, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot.
The Ceded Districts College Magazine, Anantapur.
Hislop College Magazine, Nagpur.

6TH FEBRUARY 1933

The Loyola College Annual, Madras.

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